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Keys.

Long ago in the old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime
Vanished as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too, in truth,
For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us, and we feel our youth again.

"We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-time joy and glee,
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key!
—Bessie Chandler, in the Century Bric-a-Brac.

A DOCTOR'S GHOST STORY.

I know you are not going to believe my story when I tell it you. Nobody ever did—because it is so unreal; you know some people only shake their heads and smile when they hear it, the same as if I were trying to impose upon their credulity, while others set me down as the victim of too keen an imagination. It makes but little difference to me what they say or think—the story is true for all that. I am an old man now—nearly seventy years having come and gone since I first saw the light—and, with one foot in the grave, I am sure I would not tell a willful falsehood; and, in spite of all the trouble I have had, my mind is as strong to-day as it was fifty years ago, and, in that respect, I was never considered weak. However, I will relate the story:

I loved Amy Merlin from the first. Not only for her pretty brown eyes, wavy, golden hair, and trim little figure, but for her amiable disposition and kind heart. You might look the world over from one end to the other and never find a girl to compare with Amy, either in point of beauty or sweetness of disposition.

Amy loved me, too; she not only said so, but her every action clearly showed it; and everybody in the town said I was remarkably fortunate—being but a poor young doctor—to win the love of such a girl, who could have had her pick from the best in the land, as her father was the wealthiest man in all the country around. I fully appreciated my good fortune, and was happy accordingly. But my happiness was not to be of long duration, and the course of the love that had run so smooth was destined to become exceedingly rough.

About this time Ralph Clayton, a wealthy merchant of high standing, met and lost his heart to Amy, and became a constant visitor at her home. Whilst I was assured of Amy's love and esteem, I was positive that her father held quite a different opinion of me, and he soon made it evident that my attentions to his daughter were distasteful to him. He always welcomed Clayton warmly and bestowed upon him every attention, while I was treated with freezing politeness. Ah, money is a wonderful power.

Clayton was a pompous man, some half dozen years my senior, and on account of my inferior financial position in the world he always treated me with considerable condescension. One day as we returned together from a visit to the Merlin mansion he said to me:

"Conway, I think Amy Merlin one of the nicest girls I ever met. She would make a model wife, and I am going to marry her. What do you think of it."

"Why," I replied, while the hot blood rushed to my face, "I think she will never be your wife, because she loves me and is engaged to me."

"Oh, that is nothing," he coolly answered; "her father approves of me, and it is very plain desires me for a son-in-law, but you he doesn't like at all. Amy is a very obedient and dutiful girl, and I do not think the old man will have any trouble at all in gaining her consent to marry me."

"But," said I, "would you marry a woman who does not love you, and whose heart is another's?"

"That," replied he, "is a small matter. Love doesn't amount to much where there is plenty of filthy lucre. I could learn her, I believe, to esteem me in time."

I had always disliked the man, now I fairly despised him, and it was with a mighty effort that I restrained myself from knocking him down.

Amy had always been in the habit of meeting me, when I called, under a spreading maple tree some distance from the house. So the next day after my conversation with Clayton I went to see her, and she met me at the usual place. After a few commonplace remarks I told her what Ralph Clayton had said to me.

"Oh, Paul!" she exclaimed, "I fervently pray that my father will not desire me to marry that man, for, Paul, I do not love him—I cannot love him; but if my father bids me marry him I dare not disobey. But let us pray that he will not make any such request—for I love you, Paul—only you—and I believe I should die if we were separated."

While I did not exactly like the way she replied, I could not find the heart to be angry with her, for I really believed she loved me; so I folded her in my arms and warmly kissed her, and assured her of my trust in her. I returned to the village feeling every way but buoyant, and passed a restless, sleepless night.

A few days after that I received a note from old Mr. Merlin, also one from Amy. The old man in a few words, informed me that his daughter was soon to marry Ralph Clayton, and bade me discontinue my attentions to her. Amy wrote a tearful little note, returning the ring I had given her, and saying she loved only me; but duty and obedience to her father compelled her to renounce me and marry Mr. Clayton; that she thought it best never to see me again, and closed by beseeching me to forgive her.

Neither of them stated when the marriage was to take place, and took no particular pains to find out. That night I boarded a train bound for a distant town, where I intended to locate and strive to forget the heartless girl—as I then thought her—who had treated me so cruelly.

I did well in my new home, and, though the wound in my heart was past healing, it was not so sore as at first; time, in a measure, had deadened the pain. A year and more had gone by, and in all that time I had never had any tidings of Amy. I scanned the papers closely, but I never saw any account of the marriage. I thought all this very strange, but could not doubt that the marriage had been consummated. After a time I ceased to look at the papers altogether, and devoted myself strictly to my profession.

One night as I sat alone in my office, wrapt in thoughts of the past, a boy entered unannounced and handed me a telegram. I lost no time in reading it, and found it to be from old Mr. Merlin, and contained these words:

"Amy is very ill and desires to see you. Come immediately."

I did not stop to think over this strange message. I only knew my darling—mine in spite of the past—was ill—probably dying—and wished to see me. I never once thought of her being another man's wife. I would go to her, of course. All the bitterness I had felt toward the poor little girl left me, and the love for her that I had partially smothered surged over and through me with renewed vigor.

My preparations were hastily made, and the next train that left the town carried me a passenger aboard. My suspense was indeed terrible. Time never dragged his length along so slowly. It was early morning when I started on my journey, and the darkness of night was setting over the world when I reached my destination. No one was at the station to meet me, and without losing time to hire a vehicle, I started out to walk to the Merlin mansion across the fields as I used to do of yore. It was no great distance, and the walk would do me good. My way would take me by the old trysting tree where Amy had met me so often in the happy days of long ago.

My mind was busy as I walked over the old familiar pathway. I thought of the girl, now probably lying within the pale of death, who had wandered over these very fields, clinging trustingly to my arm and uttering vows of eternal love for me. I thought, too, of the man who had come between us with his accursed gold and parted us forever, well-nigh wrecking my life, and breaking the heart of poor little Amy. All this and much more surged through my brain as I hurried rapidly onward.

I was now near the old trysting tree, and in the fast gathering twilight I saw a sight that set the blood rushing through my veins like a current of fire. Leaning against the trunk of the tree, clad in a dress of spotless white, I saw the outline of a fragile female form. It was Amy—there could be no doubt of that; I knew the graceful figure too well; and the attitude was just the same as she used to assume when she waited for me in that spot long ago. Yes, it was Amy; she was not so ill, then, as they had thought her; she had recovered, and had come out to meet and surprise me. These were my thoughts as I rushed on to greet her. There never was such joy as mine. It was so great that I often wonder it did not kill me then and there.

I was now close to her, but she never moved. Uttering many endearing words, I seized her hands, which were clasped before her, and attempted to draw her to me. The hands were so cold—oh, so stony cold—and the great brown eyes had such a strange expression, and the face was so worn and white, that I released her hastily and recoiled several feet. "My God!" was my inward ejaculation, "can my darling have gone mad? Has her illness dethroned her reason?"

Suddenly she turned, and fixing her great, star-light eyes upon me, slowly said:

"Paul, your Amy is dead; you came too late. I died for love of you. Forgive me never, oh, my darling. Farewell. Farewell!" And, noiselessly approaching me, she pressed her icy lips to mine and disappeared. Overcome with horror I fell fainting to the ground.

When I recovered I found myself at the residence of the old village doctor, under whom I had first studied. He told me that I had been found under the old maple tree in a deathlike swoon; that three weeks had elapsed since then, and I had been suffering from a severe brain fever, and in all that time I had talked of nothing but Amy, spirits and human cruelty. When I grew stronger, he said:

"Old fellow, you have had a tough pull. They came very near killing you as they did Amy, poor girl. She died just one hour before we found you. She was calling for you all the time during her illness, and died with your name on her lips."

* * * * *

Many years have passed and gone since then. All the actors in this story, except myself, have been called before the judgment bar of God, and I am waiting by the wayside, with bowed head and anxious heart, for the summons to come to me to join my angel Amy on that bright, eternal shore, where sorrow, trouble and separation are unknown.

A Natural Mistake.

A correspondent sends to *The Boston Journal* the following account of a mistake, made by a little girl in his vicinity: She always joins the family in reading the scriptures during the family devotions, taking her verse in turn. She easily reads the shorter words, but needs some help about the longer, but is always eager to pronounce all the words herself, and sometimes guesses. Recently it came her turn to read the verse, "No man can serve two masters, for either he will have to hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." She made a slight variation at the end, and finished the verse, "Ye can not serve God and women."

The Cherub's Inquiry.

Children's ideas of usefulness in this world are primitive, to say the least. A Boston editor has a five-year-old boy who has pronounced views on this subject. He said the other day at the table:

"Papa, I wish you were a bakeshop man!"

"Why, my boy?"

"Because then you could bring home cakes and things, an' we could go in and get cookies when we wanted to. Or if you were a meat man, or a grocery man, or a carpenter and made nice things, or a blacksmithshop man—that would be awful fun. Say, papa, is it any good what you do?"—*Boston Evening Journal.*

Brick Pomeroy is in Washington editing a weekly newspaper.

HAVANA CIGARS.

How the Favorite Weeds are Manufactured—Interesting Information.

Mr. F. H. Meyer, formerly a cigarmaker in Havana, gives considerable interesting information concerning Havana cigars and how they are made. Mobile, although so near to Havana, is very different in her cigar-making methods, and Mr. Meyer's statement will doubtless be read with interest.

"Any person may become a manufacturer in Havana after obtaining a license from the government. Each manufacturer has a trade-mark or as many trade-marks as he wishes, but he alone is entitled to use them. Small manufacturers have no brand or trade-mark, but work for the other manufacturers. When a brand is placed upon the market it usually goes for a very small price, but as it increases in popular favor the price rises rapidly. Immense profits are made by the owners of well-known brands. If a manufacturer of a well-known brand desires to retire he can dispose of the brand at a considerable price. Sometimes, however, he prefers to furnish a poor class of cigars at high prices until the brand falls into disrepute and no one wants the cigars.

"The manufacture is chiefly carried on in Havana, and the manufacturers are Spaniards or Creoles. The cigar-makers are of all classes, Creoles, Spaniards, colored people, and negroes. Many of the latter are slaves, but there is not much profit in their labor, as a good slave cigar-maker costs from $700 to $1,000, and then he must be fed and clothed. Sometimes he is ill, of course, and at other times he runs away and his master never sees him again. As a class, the cigar-makers form the roughest and most miserable of the whole population. Their behavior is regulated by the good or the poor yield of the tobacco crop. If the yield is good and abundant, there is hardly a way to manage the men properly, as a great want of workmen is felt. If, on the other hand, the crop is poor, there are plenty of hands, and with the reduction of wages they become tractable. In flush times, the manufacturer who offers the largest advance of wages obtains the greatest number of hands. The system of making advances is also of great damage to the manufacturer, as he loses large sums in that way. The cigar-makers who cannot or will not repay are thrown into prison. Sometimes so many men are thus locked up that the scarcity of hands is severely felt by the manufacturers. Another nuisance consists in having to pay off the hands three times a day, at breakfast, dinner, and night.

"The most renowned manufacturers chiefly make their cigars smaller than the standard sizes. The cigar-maker, when at work, has before him a wooden model of the cigar he is expected to make. He has also a flat piece of wood with a hole in it, through which the cigar can be drawn. In making a cigar, the workman has two or three pieces of leaf and places them flat in his hand; he then takes as many small pieces as may be required, rolls them altogether in his hand and finally applies the wrapper. His chief aim is to cover the veins or place them all on one side. By success in achieving this the good operator can be recognized. The heads of the cigars are not fastened with gum or any other similar sticky substance, but simply by white bread. This bread the workman carries with him. The taste can hardly be noticed in the cigars. The most skillful hands use nothing at all to fasten the ends, but secure them by many twistings that wind into each other. This requires more time, however, and is chiefly practiced with fine cigars.

"The smoker would hardly enjoy his cigar if he were to see it in process of manufacture. Should you see the dirty negro working amid the uncleanliness of many of the factories, where much tobacco is lying on the ground and frequently coming in contact with the spittle and naked feet of the workmen, you would feel a strong desire to let the cigar alone.

"All persons employed in a factory smoke as much as they want. In the evening the workman takes at least six cigars home with him, and these so taken are not the worst, as you may imagine. None of them consider it stealing to take cigars or tobacco with them. Although large thefts often occur, the police never interfere. If the proprietor makes complaint, he must not forget to mention that he does not expect to have any of the stolen goods returned, but only desires the discovery of the thief. In case he should wish to recover the goods the expense would amount to two or three times the value of them. The working hours are twelve hours a day, winter and summer. Every fifty cigars made by a workman are bound together, the finest cigars being placed on the outside, with the veins on the inside. The number of bundles depends upon how many cigars a man can make in a day. The average is 200 to 250."—*Mobile Register.*

A Prison Barber Shop.

Here is the prison barber, down in a corridor lighted by a pair of lamps, which make his shop look in the distance like a rude altar with perpetual tapers burning before it. His chair is not one of those fat, swelling divans, in whose cushions you recline for a shave, but a hard, wooden seat with shorter ... back a ... legs behind than before, so tips a little, and a high back.

The barber does a wholesale business. He shaves all the convicts once a week and cuts their hair once a month.

When he is on a shaving expedition he plants his chair in one of the shops. One man sits down and is quickly lathered and scraped. Then there is none of your bay rum, or magnesia, or puffs balls, or camphorated ice, or magnolia balm, or those other toilet mysteries which the tonsorial artist performs on the face of his customer outside the prison. After the man is shaved the barber does not fret over him any, but it is "Get out and wash yourself." The prisoner tumbles out and goes to the sink, while another man takes his place in the chair. In this way the prison barber goes through the shops.

He shaves the prison officers, and they say he is a good barber. Perhaps he is, and he may be a good fellow—but no man who is in the State Prison may draw a razor over your humble servant's throat. It is bad enough to be shaved by a man who ought to be in prison.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Seventy-five per cent of the league players have adopted the flat bat. Now what is wanted is a rule forbidding players from striking the umpire with the sharp side of it.

WALL DECORATIONS.

Decorations Which Cost More Than the Houses—High Art at a Discount.

Within the last five years wall decoration has advanced with rapid strides, and enormous prices are now paid for the interior decoration of houses. In fact, the interior decoration of a modern house sometimes exceeds in cost the building and material of the house itself.

A gentleman who has one of the finest houses in Jersey City went to a first-class interior decoration house in the city a short time ago. His house was a new one, and he desired to have the walls and ceilings treated in the latest styles. He was shown into a handsomely furnished room, and requested to seat himself on an embroidered, plush-upholstered chair made of antique or bog-oak, and valued at $600. After a few questions concerning the house, the size of the rooms, the light, and so on, the gentlemanly clerk said he would show him a few styles of parlor decorations, carefully adjusting a rack meantime, in order that the right amount of light should fall on it. A delicate paper, in which the pattern, wrought in harmonious colors, stood on a background faintly threaded with gilt, was placed on the rack. Another roll of the same pattern was placed beside it, in order to give a larger surface. A frieze to match and a deep gilt molding between the frieze and paper, to break the monotony, completed the wall decoration. Then came a colored wood molding above the frieze, to show in what color the base of the cornice was to be painted.

"The other parts of the cornice will have to be treated differently, so as to tone with the ceiling decorations," said the clerk. "Now I will show you some styles of frescoed ceilings to go with this side-wall decoration."

Several cards, with elaborate and beautiful paintings of ceilings, were now shown.

"That is a very pretty one," said the customer, selecting one.

"Yes, it will harmonize well with the paper, also."

"It seems to me the whole thing is perfect," said the Jerseyman, delighted at his success in finding what he wanted, and certain that his parlors would be the envy of his friends.

"Well, I am glad you like it," responded the clerk. "As I have now an idea of your taste I can easily fix the other rooms. Perhaps, however, before we go any further, you had better say how much you are willing to spend on the house. When I know that, I will go over and see your house and make measurements, and will then show you the styles for each room that we can give you at your price."

"I have two paper-hangers over in Jersey City whom I had thought of letting do the work," began the gentleman, doubtingly.

"Oh, no; that won't do," replied the clerk. "It requires an artist to hang that paper so that it won't show the seams, and we would have to fresco the ceiling anyhow. All the work will be figured in with the cost of the job. It will only cost you the price of the board for the workmen extra. That will be about $5 per day [illegible]."

The Jerseyman's face fell a little. But he felt that he was in for it, and might as well see it through. He had been willing to pay $1,000 for the sake of eclipsing his neighbors. He would double that amount now.

"Well," he said to the clerk, who was carelessly twirling a diamond ring on his finger, "I am willing to be liberal in this matter. See what you can do for $2,000."

The clerk looked dumbfounded. For a moment he seemed paralyzed; then going to the rack, he threw the moldings on the floor, and, taking out a roll of paper, he said coldly:

"I guess you have not got a very good idea of the cost of decoration. That ceiling you looked at would cost you $1,500 alone. This paper is a hand made French print, and is worth $12 a roll. It would take thirty rolls to do the ordinary-sized parlors. It would take about two hundred feet of this molding at 75 cents a foot. Without charging for anything else, your parlors would cost you $2,000 alone. You had better think it over and call again."

In former days the cost of decorating a parlor was greater than that of any other room, and often amounted to as much as all the other rooms together. But the modern dining-room is finished in the most expensive of hard woods, and such decoration as is used is of the most costly kind. The halls of a fine house are decorated with marvelous hand-painted Lincrusta Walton, or some kind of bronzed plaster work, which is even more expensive. Either dining-room or hall would cost as much as the parlor.

The foremost interior decoration firms in this city vie with each other in obtaining new and elegant effects. They employ artists of all kinds at enormous salaries to assist them in this. With several of these firms, where the employes have shown themselves indispensable to the success of the business, they have been given a partnership in consequence. Such firms receive as high as $50,000 for decorating a single house. A fair price is $10,000, and they seldom go below $5,000.

But while these firms receive small fortunes for single jobs, the intelligent buyer of wall paper often gets a very pretty effect for a small price. The sale of wall papers and of interior decorations has come to be two distinct branches of business, and it is in the stores of wall-paper dealers and manufacturers that bargains are generally to be obtained. An odd lot of paper and a small quantity of frieze are often sold for trifling sums. Occasionally bargains may be had in a fine the same store. As an instance of decoration ... of one of the best-this, a salesman ... the city showed to a known houses in ... of a paper he had reporter twenty ro... sold that day. ... "cost us $2.50

"This paper," he said, ... it to ex-Secper roll. We sold some o... for his retary of State Frelinghuysen ... a little private office in Washington ... a roll, over a year ago. It cost him $4 ... A gentleman came in to-day who w... ed twenty rolls, and as we had just th... amount of this on hand we sold him the remnant for $8. It is a French embossed bronze, and a very fine office paper."

In the reading-room of one of the most beautifully decorated hotels in the country there is an English paper on the walls which probably cost $2 per roll. A short time ago, while in a country town in Connecticut, a reporter noticed the same kind of paper pasted on the walls of a small store.

"Hello!" he said to the proprietor, "where did you get this?"

"Oh, I got stuck badly on it some time ago. I bought about forty rolls of it from some feller or other for eight cents a roll. I couldn't sell it, so I used part of it for this wall and some I put under my carpets. I've got ten rolls left, which you can have for 50 cents if ye want it."

High-art wall paper, as the English is often termed, was not appreciated in that section of the country. The valuable imported papers are often found in country towns and sold at less than their cost in Europe. How they get there is a mystery.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Notes of a Tourist.

Like everything else, going to sea for pleasure is falling into a profession. It is remarkable how large a proportion of passengers have been over before. There is an ocean-ferry public, who know the merits of all the rival ships, are never seasick, and won't stop their game to see an iceberg.

Still, there are greenhorns; and one infallible sign—one more infallible than to talk about going "up-stairs," or to ask the captain in mid-ocean when he expects to sight land—is to keep a diary.

Our enormous iron-box, loaded with coal and ponderous machinery, has just pushed itself across three thousand miles of water, with no land visible nearer than the volcanoes of the moon, and we reach port with the accuracy of an eclipse.

The two questions everybody asked everybody when we got back to the world: Has war broken out between England and Russia? and, Is General Grant dead?

England believes in free trade when convenient. For instance, the ocean lines of steamship are prohibited from taking passengers from Queenstown to Liverpool in order to protect "local issues."

Feeling is getting worse and worse aboard ship. It seemed almost shabby, finally, to overlook the watch who reefed topsails on a windy night. That was a piece of work better worth a shilling than sweeping the hurricane-deck, or bringing B. and S. to the smoking-room.

A fellow-voyager, an experienced man who had grown gray in travel, sat placidly on the dock at Liverpool amid his luggage with his purse in his hand.

"It saves one the trouble of constantly taking it out," explained this indolent man. "This is the land of the shilling."

Chester is famous for its Roman remains, among others for Augustus Caesar, who is entered in the city directory as furniture remover.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Rivalry Among Women.

Women who want to be clerks in Washington have found a new grievance. It has been understood for some time that they were being discriminated against under the civil service rules, which allow the heads of departments to call for male clerks if they prefer them when vacancies are to be filled. It is now claimed by the blondes that not only do they have to fight favoritism shown to men, but also that evinced toward brunettes of their own sex. The startling discovery is announced that such appointments as are now given to women are invariably bestowed upon the dark-haired sisterhood. When taxed with making this cruel distinction the officials excuse themselves by saying that blondes are apt to be quick tempered and do not make as good clerks as brunettes. Naturally there is great rivalry and hatred between these factions—a war of white and red roses, so to speak. The blondes, however, are able to score one over their despised antagonists owing to the appointment of one of their number to a coveted position in the Treasury. She was apparently a brunette, but, as subsequently transpired, wore a dark wig while passing through the ordeal of examination. It is supposed that hereafter the discomfitted powers will insert into the list of questions one requiring a sworn statement as to the genuineness and ownership of each applicant's hair. In the meantime the fair-haired sisters are enjoying their triumph, but propose a serious movement on the enemy by requiring national action in their behalf by the woman suffragists of the country.—*San Francisco Post.*

Meaning of Colors in Sealing-Wax.

"Flirtations in sealing-wax are the latest racket," said a stationer yesterday. "The ordinary red wax signifies business, and is supposed to be used only for business letters. Black is, of course, used for mourning and condolence. Blue means love, and as we make four or five tints of this color, each stage of the tender passion can be portrayed. When pink is used congratulation is intended. An invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax. Variegated colors are supposed to show conflicting emotions. Do you know that thimbles are being utilized to bear seals? Fact. The designs of that sort are mild just now, but are developing. We'll work the idea up and think it will become fashionable. The odors used in the wax are ravishing in their delicacy—that is the expensive sort. The cheaper grades are as bad as the pomatum of a 5-cent barber-shop. The perfumery is the element of cost in the wax. A Paris firm makes the finest imported article. The perfume of the burning wax fills an ordinary sized apartment, and lingers about the envelope for hours."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Rate of Increase of Negro Population.

Such being the history of the negroes in *ante-bellum* days, when they were property, and when every consideration of self-interest prompted their owners to watch over their health, to encourage child-bearing, and to protect and preserve the children, is it to be supposed for a moment that this careless, improvident, ignorant race, thrown suddenly upon its own resources, should at once, or within a generation, take on a rate of increase more rapid than before emancipation? The wonder is, that in the past twenty years they have not fallen further behind.

Considering the colored race in this country as a whole, it is seen that it has not held its own, either in a state of slavery or thus far in freedom. It is but another illustration of the fact, that an inferior race can not thrive side by side with a superior one. It would seem, therefore, under the circumstances, more profitable to study ways and means for preserving and strengthening the manual labor element of the South, rather than to debate the methods of getting rid of it.—*Henry Gannett, in Popular Science Monthly for June.*

A STUDENT OF LATITUDE.

An Old Man's Observations Upon the Progress of Civilization.

"Did you ever make a study of latitude?" remarked a gray-headed reader at the Public Library to a reporter for the Chicago *Herald.* "No? Well, you should, without fail. It's very interesting. Every man should study the latitude and longitude of his city. I have taught all my sons to do it. You know the ancestors of my family landed at Plymouth Rock in the Mayflower. Did you know that Plymouth Rock is exactly east of Chicago? Well, it is. Queer fact, but none of our family have ever prospered off this line of latitude. We have had to stick to 42 degrees north in order to get along at all. I went down South just after the war. Nearly starved to death. Came back North, and did well. Went into Southern Indiana and lost money. Came back to Toledo and had good luck. Went up to Northern Michigan and was sick. Came down to Chicago, and have had good health and prosperity right along. It's just the same with other members of our family. The farther we get away from the latitude of Plymouth Rock the more trouble we have to get along. I leave it as a legacy to all my descendants to stick close to the 42d degree of latitude or prepare to go to the poor-house.

"Now, why is this so? I'll tell you why. We Yankees are the direct descendants of the purest representatives of the Anglo-Saxons that ever came to this country. Where did the best Saxon blood come from? Why, from the region that is now Central and Southern Germany, directly east of England. The blood, then, had its origin about latitude 52 degrees north. It moved directly west and made England. But there it met another great race—the Romans. They contended for the mastery, and the Saxon finally won. But here, in effect, was blended the genius of the two greatest peoples in the world. One line approached England directly from the east, the other from the south. Upon this southern line we find the Persians, great of old, Constantinople, the seat of Empires, Athens and Rome. As time flows on the northern line becomes greatest in war and commerce and colonization, the southern greatest in art and learning. But when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers sail from England to America where do they land? It was chance, I know, but where was it? Why at Plymouth Rock, exactly in the latitude of Rome. The great northern line comes down to the great southern line in a new land, you see, blend the sturdiness and the commerce of the one with the art and learning of the other and what is the result? Along that line or near to it you find the greatest, most advanced part of America. Along that line in future you will find the seat of American empire—the centre of wealth and culture. Mark my word. Just follow that line a moment. One end is at Rome, to which all roads led, and the other at Chicago, to which all roads lead. After running through the birthplace of Napoleon, who represented the southern line in its last great military struggle with the northern, it continent at Plymouth Rock. Boston is just to the north, Providence just to the south, and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut on either side. As time wears on and the march across the continent begins see how the pure Saxon sticks to the line. First to Connecticut, then to Southern New York, next the Western Reserve of Ohio, Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, and finally Chicago. Boston, Providence, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Troy, Albany, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago—all along this line, or near it. West of here we find the line in embryo broadening a little on account of the great expanse of the country, and in its sweep to the coast embracing all the better part of the great West. In a hundred years its center will be due west from Chicago, along the line taking in Des Moines, Omaha, and Ogden. I make this as an old man's prophecy.

"You think this a funny idea, but, young man, if your blood is pure Anglo-Saxon stick as close between the 41st and 43d parallels as you can. There's where the genius of your race has shown itself to best advantage, and the wise man always seeks the most favorable conditions for any work he may have in hand. Nor is this by any means the only interesting study in latitude and longitude. The map of the world is full of these great lines, chiefly from east to west, if you will only study them out."

And the grayhaired old man again buried his face between the covers of a great quarto volume.

A Pack of Cards Well Earned.

"Why do you pick that up?" asked a reporter of a man who had just stooped down and taken a fugitive nine of clubs out of the mud. He was carefully cleaning the card with his pocket-handkerchief.

"It's a habit I've contracted," he said, laughing. "Long ago I noticed that a day rarely passed that I did not see a playing card lying in the street. I wondered if it were possible to make a whole pack by picking up all I saw. I went to work to try it. At first it seemed easy enough, and I picked up plenty of cards of different kinds; but as my collection grew larger the task became more difficult, and I found cards of the same sort over and over again. It took me twelve years to find the last four cards I wanted—the five of diamonds, the eight of diamonds, the king of spades, and the four of hearts. Two of these years were spent in looking for the eight of diamonds, which was all I wanted to complete this pack. I found it three months ago in an ash barrel on Baxter street, and I have now the entire pack. I was just eleven years and two weeks collecting it, and I would not sell it for $1,000."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Lehigh University is the finest-endowed institution in the country. It has a cash endowment of $2,000,000, and the buildings are worth $600,000 more. It also owns 120 acres of valuable land, and has one-third of Asa Packer's $16,000,000, beside various other princely bequests.

Last autumn the loggers of the Northwest adopted a rule pledging a reduction in the log supply. The result shows a decrease of 873,938,000 feet, the figures for 1884 standing 3,238,000,000 against 2,364,562,000 for 1885.

TEACHING BRASS BANDS.

A Work that Requires a Great Deal of Patience.

The old band-master, with decided German looks and manners, a coat of not exactly perfect-fitting qualities, and a beard shorn rather short and very pointed, sat in his office with a dejected look on his face when the Chicago *Daily News* reporter opened the door and announced himself. A queer character was this man, the bandmaster. He had been an army officer of high rank in his native country and had been well educated. In fact, it has often been rumored that he was a real count, but he only smiled and shrugged his shoulders when spoken to on the subject and did not deign to reply, leaving the questioner quite in the dark as to whether he was bored by an old joke or whether he was a count but did not desire to talk on the subject. After coming to this country he was for a long time professor of German in an Ohio college, but his taste for music conquered his love for the languages, and the baton took the place of the ruler. Gradually he grew poorer and poorer, as he got interested in the formation of bands and neglected his other musical branches, until his at-one-time dress coat gave way to the shabby one he now wears; yet he never thought of changing his ways.

"Yes, I know a little about forming bands," he said, after the reporter had chatted with him a few minutes, while the professor drew out a couple of long-stemmed pipes. "I have been in the business now for many years and have seen hundreds of bands organized and hundreds dissolved. It is almost as hard to keep a band together as it is to make a dollar roll up-hill, unless it has been organized for years, and has a reputation, and is making money. Then it is hard to keep people out of it. I tell you there is no other class of instruments so calculated to make a man neglect his business and follow it as the horn. There is something fascinating about this instrument, which makes one cling to it. I have known many a man ruin himself for life by joining a brass band when he was young. One instance I will cite: A young fellow, a jeweler, in a small city, became infatuated with the trombone. He would sit for hours in the back part of his store and play that horn, while customers were allowed to go neglected. The band of which he was a member was always in trouble and succeeded in disbanding every few months. It made no difference; his practice went on just the same. Finally he had to sell out his business, after losing $7,000 cash, and is now working by the day, but he still remains with the trombone, and is an excellant player. I asked him one day why he did not quit it and attend to his business, but he only looked up and smiled as he asked me why I didn't quit it."

"Is it difficult to form a band?"

"With raw material it is very difficult. You can't teach one man at a time, because it would be too slow work and cost too much money. They have to all learn together, and unless a man knows a little about music in advance [illegible]. The great trouble in this case also, is to find the right persons for the different instruments. They have to spend months learning, only to find that they are not fitted for the instrument assigned them, and have to change and learn all over again. Bands which learn in this way do not generally make a success in music. They engage a poor band-master generally, and do do not keep him any longer than to learn them the simple rudiments. Then they attempt to go it alone. Why, I have seen bands which had been playing together for years and never thought of tuning their instruments. The result was discords without numbers, and no one could tell why the discords were made. You see, the average person thinks a horn is tuned in the manufactory and cannot change in tone. This is a great error. Another great error bands fall into is blowing loud. I have seen a band of eleven pieces make noise enough for twenty-two. They go on the principle that loud music drowns the errors. This may be true in one respect, but it also prevents true harmony. A band to make sweet music must play as carefully as if it was an orchestra."

"What about the cost of brass instruments?"

"Well, a good band of twenty-two or twenty-three persons can be furnished for less than $1,000 and the instruments will be of good quality. The best kind is the plain brass, as it injures the tone to plate them with either silver or nickel."

The Antiquity of Tennis.

Ages ago the sun saw the beginnings of tennis. It is not quite certain whether it was on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges, or at Nineveh; but somewhere this same sun saw a group of half-naked, bronze-limbed youngsters throwing balls or dried gourds back and forth, using their hands for bats, and doubtless having quite as much fun, after a barbarous fashion, as we have nowadays with cork-handled Franklin rackets, regulation balls, and a set of printed rules.

Generations rolled by, however, before the pioneers of tennis had themselves carved on stone slabs, and still other ages before Gordian III. and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus had coins struck, in honor of the Pythian Apollo, bearing devices which represented athletes serving and returning balls, and using their hands as rackets.

Even at that early day it was found desirable to protect the hand by means of gauntlets, but it was not until the fourteenth century, so far as can be ascertained, that bats or rackets were invented, and the game grew into something not altogether unlike that which is played to-day.

The regular tennis court of the middle ages was a very elaborate affair, with divisions and galleries and railings and "pent-house roofs," and a carefully laid stone pavement, all of which made it a very costly game to play, and only kings and the richest of the nobility could have tennis courts of their own. These courts need not be described here, but they were not unlike the lawn courts of to-day in size and shape. At first there was a line stretched across the middle; then a fringe was added to this line, and by the beginning of the last century (A. D. 1700) the net was adopted much as at present used.

The method of counting, too, was not unlike that followed in our modern lawn tennis.—*Charles L. Norton, in St. Nicholas for June.*

Philadelphia consumed during the year 1,273,501 barrels of beer and ale.

GEOLOGY OF THE WEST.

Capt. Clarence E. Dutton, of the ordnance department of the army, who, says a telegram to the New York *Times*, has been engaged for ten years in the study of the geology of the great plateau region of the west, started last week for California, under instructions from Maj. Parnell, director of the geological survey, to make a study of the geological phenomena presented by the Cascade Mountains, the greatest volcanic range upon the globe. Before his departure Capt. Dutton finished the manuscript of his contribution to the next annual publication of the geological survey. The paper is entitled, "Mount Taylor and the Zuni Plateau," but, although it treats in detail of only two features of the plateau region, the conclusions which these are made to illustrate embody in the part the result of years of study, extending over a very wide area.

Of the history of the plateau region prior to the carboniferous time he says: "Little is known to geologists. In the latter part of this period the western portion of the United States was a marine area. If any land existed it was of small extent. The strata deposited at the time disclose no plants or land animals among their fossils, while marine mollusca are abundant. The waters were neither very deep nor very shallow. In the immediately succeeding geological periods, during the deposition of the permian and jura trias strata, a curious alternation of land and sea is found to have taken place, the level surface of the region oscillating from a little above to a little below sea level. During its seasons of elevation it supported exuberant forests, through which roamed a highly-varied reptilian fauna. The region appears to have subsided about as fast as the sediments were accumulated, thus preserving the surface at nearly a constant level, and it is surmised that the oscillations may have been due to variations in the absolute position of the sea level.

Whatever may be the explanation, it certainly is a most extraordinary fact that between 3,000 and 4,000 feet of strata were accumulated upon an area of over 90,000 square miles, and yet the surface of deposition was maintained throughout at approximately the same level. During the cretaceous time the alterations from blooming forests to shallow seas continued, but the fossil remains of this time are of greater variety, and are found in greater abundance. Early in this period the mollusean fossils are of the marine type, but in its upper strata they were of the brackish-water type." Whence, the author asks, came the materials which constitute the mesozoic strata of the west, covering nearly 1,000,000 square miles to the average depth of more than 3,500 feet. The great basin which has been enormously ravaged over an area of 200,000 square miles by evasive forces furnished a portion of the material, and possibly small land areas insular in character existed further south.

But it is not crebible that these sources furnished one-half the materials of the mesozoic strata. The fact is gen[illegible] from west to east, indicating a western origin, and the author concludes that they came from some great continental area, with a coast line many hundred miles long, with numerous rivers discharging sand and silt all along its course. Passing on to tertiary time, the fossils of the early eocene strata are found to be still of the brackish type, but are replaced by fresh-water forms a little higher up. Thus, it is inferred that the complete isolation of the plateau province was accomplished at the beginning of the tertiary time, and its area became, in great part at least, a vast inland lake with an outlet.

In the eocene age the great mountain platforms of the Wasatch, Wintas, and Rockies were upheaved and underwent rapid denudations. The resulting sediments were carried down into the lake, where they were deposited, sometimes to the depth of five thousand feet. With the progress of eocene time the lake of the plateau region gradually vanished, the southern part being the first to dry up, and with its disappearance ended the long period of deposition. The accumulated strata reached the thickness of 15,000 feet in the western part, and not less than 10,500 in the east. At no time could the surface of deposition have been very far from sea level. The progress of tertiary time witnessed the slow elevation of the entire mountain and plateau region of the west, and along with the denudation of the country the author traces the geological history of the region down to its present condition, finding evidences of alternating periods of moisture and dryness, of great and sudden uplifts of great areas, and of slow and long continued rising in others, and of the denudation of immense tracts, and the cutting of canyons by the waters.

In the study of the Zuni Mountains he finds reason for the conclusion that the mountains of the west have not been produced by horizontal compression, but by the action of some unknown forces beneath, which have lifted them up. Upon the extensive plateau of which Mount Taylor is the center he finds ample confirmation of the theory that the volcanic cap which once covered so large a portion of the region and which still tops so many extensive mesas, had its origin not in discharges from immense volcanic mountains like Mount Taylor itself, but through innumerable vents through the sedimentary strata. These evidences consist largely in the numerous huge "necks" of lava, from the vicinity of which the sedimentary deposits have been eroded. These necks are the contents of once-existing funnels, through which the molten lava was forced to spread itself in a thin cap over the level country above. They explain the existence of the lava-beds at the present time so far distant from the nearest volcanic mountain as to preclude the supposition that the two ever had any connection.

Mr. J. Bailey Denton has predicted that the year 1885 will be remarkable for a sort of water dearth in the East and South of England. He shows that the rainfall in 1884 was not more than two-thirds that of the average, while proportion of rain evaporated was unusually great, and he therfore maintains that this year there must be a lowering of the subterranean water supply, and a reduction of the yield of the springs which supply the rivers, entailing an increase of the evils of the pollution of the streams.

A Swede named Ditman has discovered a process for converting kerosene oil into a substance having the appearance of tallow, which can easily be converted into candles.

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The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER HAMILTON AND WALNUT STS

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

—The citizens of Pottsville are forming a new Agricultural Society.

—Drainage has diminished deaths from consumption in Vermont one-half.

—The Supreme Court of California, Monday, rendered a decision in the celebrated Hill-Sharon divorce case, denying the plaintiff's motion to dismiss the appeal, and staying all proceedings for payment for counsel fees and alimony pending the appeal.

—The Marriage License Act, passed by the last Legislature, has been approved by the Governor. After the first day of October next "no person in the commonwealth shall be joined in marriage" without a license from the Clerk of Orphans' Court.

—James S. McCalla, one of the oldest and most respected newspaper publishers and printers of Philadelphia, died Friday, at the residence of his nephew, Hon. James Ponder, at Milton, Del., in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was born in Salem, N. J., where he learned his trade as a printer.

—The Friends Asylum for Insane, at Frankford, has opened a home at Atlantic City, where there may be admitted, in addition to patients from the Asylum, cases of mental disease of a mild type, which require care and medical treatment. The formal opening took place on the 25th ult.

—The President has appointed Edward L. Hedden to be collector of the Port of New York, Hans S Beattie to be Surveyor of Customs and Silas W. Burt to be Naval officer. Mr. Birchard, the Director of the Mint, has been suspended and Dr. James P. Kimble appointed to succeed him in that office.

—Lightning has killed 4,609 persons in France since 1835. An equal number have been seriously, though not fatally, wounded and five times as many struck. The hot years were the most fatal, these are remarkable as having been the best wine seasons. There has not been a single death from [illegible] Paris or the Department of the Seine since 1864, though there have been many violent storms there during that time.

—A Washington correspondent says: Mr. Malcolm Hay, the First Assistant Postmaster General, has such a feeble appearance that his numerous visitors generally remark on leaving him that he is a very sick man. This gives rise to frequent rumors that he will soon resign. It may be stated that the situation is just this: Mr. Hay is in feeble health, but he hopes to gain strength, and as long as he can attend to the duties of his office as he is doing at present, he proposes to remain. How much longer he will continue the present experiment he refuses to say, and the Postmaster General states that he is ignorant of the intentions of his first assistant. Mr. Hay is showing a great deal of pluck and determination in fighting against disease and physical weakness.

—The New York publishers, Putnam & Sons, have published "The Lenape Stone, or the Indian and the Mammoth," by H. C. Mercer of Doylestown. It is an account of a slate "gorget" found in this county, having inscribed on it certain rude drawings representing a mammoth attacked by Indians. There can be little doubt that the animal represented is a mammoth, but there is a great deal of doubt expressed as to the genuiness of the "find." "Most of the archæological authorities who have examined the so-called Lenape Stone," says the *New York Tribune*, "have expressed the belief that it is (so far as the drawing is concerned) quite modern, and therefore fraudulent. On the other hand, the circumstances of the finding appear to demonstrate the integrity of the discoverer, and afford no ground for suspicion that anything has been done to the stone since the young Bucks County farmer, Hansell, picked up the larger half of it. Mr. Mercer has gathered together much information about this and other Indian relics tending to show aboriginal acquaintance with the mammoth, and he has published all the evidence extant about the Lenape Stone. As, however, there is clearly no proof of the antiquity of this carving, though the "gorget" itself is undoubtedly old, it cannot possess any real value as a support to the theory that the Indians who were contemporaries of the mammoth have left records of that fact. As a narrative of all the circumstances in this particular case, the little book should be interesting to archæologists, but it leaves the question of the Indian and the mammoth an open one."

—Some years ago, Benjamin Doan, then a resident of Bucks county, was presented with an old violin, not supposed to be better or worse than the common run of fiddles, by William Corson, deceased, late proprietor of the Fountain house, Doylestown. Benjamin scraped away at his violin more or less melodiously until it sang and talked no more and had become a commonplace piece of old wood. Benjamin and his fiddle were translated of Aurelius, New York. After a time the fiddle was placed in the hands of a knowing man at Auburn for repair. On opening it he found the private mark of Paoli Maggini, showing that it was a genuine Cremona, and, what is more to Benjamin's satifaction, that it was worth $1,000. He has been offerred $500, but will not let it go at that price. The instrument was easily repaired and its tone greatly improved —*"Iron Mask," correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph.*

—The sword which the Emperor of Russia presented to Gen. Komaroff is a most magnificent weapon. The blade is of Damascene steel, the scabbard and hilt of gold, ornamented with rows of jewels, and at the upper end of the sword are clusters of six or seven large diamonds.

—According to an exchange of questionable authority grasshoppers' eggs are being imported into California by the hydraulic miners for the benefit of their sworn enemies, the valley farmers.

—London Bridge is the favorite sleeping resort of the sleepers-out among the city poor Men and Women of all characters and employment are found congregating there, as many as 150 in one night.

—General Grant is steadily though slowly growing weaker.

The firms that manufacture furniture out of rattan also use willow for the same purpose. The process is similar in every respect, excepting the finishing coat of shellac varnish, which is omitted when willow is used. The same material is employed in Madeira for making furniture and knickknacks, and at one time the goods were imported by a large firm on Grand street, but the styles did not take as well as those turned out by Americans, and now they are only brought to this country by ship captains who wish to fill out their cargo with some light but bulky merchandise.—*New York Tribune.*

Roscoe Conkling is getting stout, and the story circulates in New York that while crossing the City Hall Park several days ago he is said to have dropped a silver dollar, which he had to pay a small boy ten cents to pick up. He couldn't get down himself.

British Breeding.

The other day a young and very pretty woman, with eyes of the kind supposed to be able to melt the typical an omnibus where only one seat was left. A well-dressed, well-got-up man of about 30 pushed her rudely aside as he sprang up the steps and took the vacant place. At another time, on coming out of the theater, while the people were waiting just inside the door for their carriages and cabs, a man lighted a cigar and blew the smoke into the face of a lady standing there with a friend. She made a gesture of repugnance, when the man said, "Gentlemen may smoke here." "You may smoke here, but you can not be a gentleman if you do," said the lady—one of these not easily put down.

The annoyances to which young women traveling alone are often subjected is again by no means a proof that our politeness is intrinsic. If a lady meets an ordinary young Englishman who does not know her, she meets someone who does not hold her worthy of politeness, who does not go out of his way to show her any. If she is pretty he stares at her, perhaps smiles, perhaps speaks; if she be of no personal attractiveness, and has only her womanhood as her claim, he leaves her emphatically to herself. Whatever she may be about to do—to pass through a doorway, enter a railway carriage, or an omnibus, or a lift, he pushes past her, though no one is hurried for time, and lets her follow meekly after. The elder men are more courteous. They retain still a certain flavor of the stately old times when manners were part of a gentleman's education, and politeness was one of the points of distinction between a courtier and a boor.—*The London Queen.*

Getting Measured for Trousers.

The increasing popularity of horseback riding among the people of all classes in Washington emphasizes a fact that seems rather surprising to some of the readers of this correspondence, that a great many Washington ladies wear trousers, and it has been mischievously remarked in certain quarters that the novel experience of wearing pants has gone a great way toward inducing some rather timid ladies to undertake the task of learning to ride. The best riding-habits, here as elsewhere, are made by tailors who make this line of business a speciality, and who have in some of their mysterious back parlors a wooden horse, on which the ladies sit while their cloth skirts are draped to hang well over the tight fitting pants. "Of course," said one of these tailors recently; "of course, ladies wear pants with their riding habits. They wear them under their riding skirts. This has been the custom for some time. They wear their skirts shorter than formerly, just so as to touch the ground when they stand. Then they wear pants underneath, nothing else; no skirts; Washington is very much like Paris. The ladies have good taste. I don't know many—who come in and have their measures taken, just as graciously as men would, and they are much easier to fit and pleasanter to serve than men. And the trying on of garments? We have parlors and maids in attendance. They retire to a parlor and put on the garment, which is basted together, and when they get it on I am sent for and go in and fit it, taking it in here, marking it for alteration, and letting it out there. When I have finished I retire, and the lady again changes her garment This is the custom altogether in Paris and is very rapidly becoming so here."

The average Washington price of a lady's riding habit is about $100.—*Washington Letter in Baltimore American.*

GLEANINGS.

Iowa has a smaller proportion of women in prison than any other State.

Well diggers in Dakota hunt for ant hills. The wise insects always locate over a vein of water.

No man has ever looked into the crater of Cotopaxi, the king of volcanoes, 3,000 feet above the snow line.

The slave population of the Empire of Brazil is estimated at 1,177,022, of whom 623,274 are males and 553,748 females.

It is computed that it cost the government $1,848,000 to support 2,200 Dakota Indians during seven years of their savage life.

Eleven thousand dollars a foot front was the price paid recently for the old Brandreth House property on Broadway, New York.

There is a bird roost at Lake Gentry, in Brevard county, Fla., covering a tract of eighty acres, in which, it is estimated, over 7,000,000 birds gather every season.

The Tycoon who was deposed in favor of the present Mikado of Japan by a revolution which cost 100,000 lives is living quietly in Sidsuoka, a small Japanese country town. He is 55 years of age and comparatively poor.

It is now definitely settled that the oldest old Mason in the world is John Tressider, of Falmouth, England, initiated August 6, 1805, while the oldest in America is Captain Sylvanus Hatch, of Port Levacca, Tex., who joined the order in 1809.

Japanese industries are mostly conducted in small workshops, with possibly the aid of a primitive water wheel, for making and the manufacture of porcelain, paper, pigments, and lacquers constituting a large portion of the whole.

Leather wheels are made in France for railroad and other cars. Untanned buffalo hides are cut into strips, and these are built up into solid discs, which are strongly held together by two iron rings after they have been subjected to hydraulic pressure.

The population of London, by the census of 1851 was 2,362,236; 1861, 2,803,989; 1871, 3,254,260, 1881, 3,814,571. It is customary now to refer to London as a city of 4,000,000 people. The average annual increase from 1871 to 1881 was between 56,000 and 57,000.

The poet Whittier once lent a volume of Plato to one of the neighboring farmers, and when the book was returned, asked: "Well, friend, how did thee like my friend Plato?" "First rate," said the farmer; "I see he's got some of my ideas."—*Helps to Philosophers.*

Judge Charles Allen of Boston says that he is disgusted with the insolent way in which witnesses are questioned. It is, he thinks, neither funny nor profitable, and avails nothing with the court. He would stop it if he could but he cannot tell what counsel are driving at until it is too late.

Of the twenty volcanoes surrounding the ancient city of Quito the lowest is over 15,000 feet and the highest (Chimborazo) is nearly 22,000. Three are now active (Cotopaxi, Sangai, and Ciobincha), twelve are dormant, and the rest are extinct. Twenty-two summits are covered with perpetual snow.

The average strength of the European troops in India in 1883 was 55,525, among whom the death rate was but 10.88 per 1,000. The native army showed an average strength of 114,830, with a death rate of 14 31. The most fatal diseases for the Indian troops were those of the respiratory organs.

The time of day is announced every day at Woolwich, England, at 1 p. m. and 9 30 p. m. by firing off a blank charge of powder from a nine pounder bronze gun. Notwithstanding this her nest in one of the boxes of the carriage on which the gun rests, and hatched out five little sparrows.

Mark Twain's wealth is stated thus: From the publication of his books, $200,000, the amount of the sum being due to the fact that he has always been practically his own publisher, and thereby made all the profit for himself, lecturing, $100,000, scrap book, $50,000; wife's fortune, $75,000; total, $425,000. That is about the sum he now possesses.

Judging from the experience of the Odd Fellows it is a reasonable conclusion that the average sickness of the better class of the adult male population of the United States and Canada is one week and a half each year This is equivalent to an income tax of 6 per cent, and the greater share of it could be avoided by the use of simple precautions.

It is said on good authority that cyclones always originate in equatorial regions, but never occur within eight or ten degrees of that line. Another thing that is peculiar is, the whirl is from right to left in the northern and from left to right in the southern hemisphere. Masters of sailing vessels caught in one of these cyclones by knowing its laws of direction can easily sail out of its course.

The Commissioners of the Auburn Theological Seminary found fault with many members of the junior and middle classes for going out to preach so frequently as to neglect their seminary studies. It was ordered that when students did such preaching they must obtain the unanimous consent of the faculty every time; and if they persisted in the habit, whatever compensation they received for preaching must be deducted from the amount of charitable funds which they would otherwise receive.

Sir Henry Thomson, the eminent physician, says, concerning the middle classes of people; that three-fourths of the nutrient matters they eat are from the animal kingdom, and that a reversal of these proportions—i. e., one-fourth only from this source and three-fourths from vegetable sources—would "tend to maintain a cleaner palate, a lighter and more active brain and a better state of health for most people not engaged on the most laborious employments of active life."

A Salt River jeweler has invented a novel time-piece in the shape of a steel wire stretched across his show window on which a stuffed canary hops from left to right, indicating as it goes the hours of the day by pointing with its beak at a dial stretched beneath the wire and having the figures from 1 to 24. When it reaches the latter figure it glides across the window to 1 again. There is no mechanism whatever that can be seen, it all being inside the bird. The inventor says he was three years in studying it out.

Prof. Paine's assertion about the inconsiderable part played by women as musical composers has resulted in the collation of the titles of a small list of well-known songs, the airs of which were written by women, and a few cantatas and operettas, by a correspondent who aids in bringing to light the not very numerous examples, adds, in a communication to the Boston *Evening Transcript*: "There is nothing which can be brought forward in contravention of Prof. Paine's assertion, and I think I am safe in saying that no woman is entitled to rank even as a fourth-rate composer."

In making soundings in the slime soil of the Nile valley, two baked bricks were discovered, one at a depth of twenty and the other twenty-four yards "If we estimate the thickness of the annual deposit formed by the river at eight inches a century," says Professor Jolly, "we must assign to the first of these brick an age of 12,000 years, and to the second that of 14,000. By means of analogous calculations Burmeister supposed 72,000 years to have elapsed since the first appearance of man upon the soil of Egypt, and Draper attributes to the European man who witnessed the last glacial epoch an antiquity of more than 25,000 years."

Took No Stock in Evolution.

"I never took much stock in this evolution, Darwinian theory of the origin of man," remarked an elderly passenger, as he moved to the other end of the car to escape the drawl and cigarette smoke of a dude who had just come in from the sleeping car. "For years a friend of mine has tried to make me believe in the theory, and has argued it all out. A favorite notion of his is that at certain stages of the development and in certain cases evolution turns back and moves toward its originals. I never was able to believe in the doctrine, but now that I see with my own eyes indisputable proof of the correctness of the latter part of his idea I am inclined to accept the whole of it."

"What proof do you refer to?"

"Why that thing down there at the other end of the car smoking a cigarette. It's hard to believe that man sprang from the monkey, but if that isn't a case of man re-evoluting toward the ape I'm no good as an observer."

Language of the Voice.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, but they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden.

In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be falling and tremulous.

Certain voices grate on the nerves and set our teeth on edge, and others are just as calm as they are irritating, quieting, or like a composing draught

A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician—the "bedside voice"—which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution.

Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art, and becomes artificiality, as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in address, but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting.

An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place beside a sick-bed as a brocaded silk for the kitchen girl.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know or allow.

One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is an indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial, and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate and stutter.

A thick, loose, fluffy voice does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the most active work, and when a keen-witted man drawls and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp, incisive way that ought to be natural to him, there is a flaw somewhere

☞The Burdock Plant is one of the best diuretics or kidney regulators in vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood.

☞A PHYSICIANS TESTIMONY.—In the treatment of lung and bronchial diseases the liver is often implicated to such an extent that a hepatic remedy becomes necessary in effecting a cure of the lungs. In the treatment of such cases I prescribe Simmons Liver Regulator with entire satisfaction. I find that it acts mildly but effectually in regulating the secretions of the liver, stomach and bowels.
I. J. STEPHENSON, M. D.,
Owensboro, Ky.

☞"It fairly wearies me to think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but, when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good.

☞Dip one end of a Sponge in water and the whole will soon be saturated So a disease in one part of the body effects other parts. You have noticed this yourself. Kidney and liver troubles, unless checked, will induce constipation, piles, rheumatism and gravel. A timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will prevent these results. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken freely by children and delicate females. It gives elasticity, life and cheeks with roses on them.

☞THAT DIRTY DANDRUFF.—Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way It soils the clothing continually, and is accompanied by a hardly less annoying sensation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble as Parker's Hair Balsam. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its original softness, gloss and color. Is not oily, highly perfumed, an elegant dressing. Very economical, as only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect condition.

☞WHAT PARENTS FEAR.—Many persons—especially parents—object to many quack nostrums as likely to engender or encourage a love for strong drink. They are right. Better die of disease than of drunkenness The use of Parker's Tonic does not involve this danger. It not only builds up the system, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but it stimulates without intoxicating and absolutely cures the appetite for liquor.

☞In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and progressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street N. Y.

J. K. WILDMAN.
No. 26 South Third Street
Philadelphia.
BONDS AND STOCKS
of all kinds bought and sold.

United States Bonds
EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR — THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Complaint.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side, sometimes pain in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The Stomach is affected with loss of appetite, and sickness, nausea, in general cases, sometimes vomiting will occur, the head is troubled with pain and dull heavy sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done, often requiring a long time of watchfulness, delicacy and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them—but the liver is generally the organ most involved.

REGULATE THE LIVER AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Biliousness, Chills and Fever, Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Piles, etc

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic!

Simmons Liver Regulator is purely vegetable, and contains the medicinal properties of the best known tonic, alterative and cathartic roots.

It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy on the Liver and Kidneys!

The action of the Regulator is free from violence or griping. It is most effective in starting the secretions of the Liver causing the bile to act as a cathartic. When there is an active liver, after the removal of the bile it will regulate the bowels and impart vigor and health to the whole system.

Genuine prepared only by J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

HOLY BIBLE REVISED VERSION. Bibles at 1-2 and Old Testaments at less than 1-2 the prices of the Eng. lish editions, and equal to the English in type, paper, printing and accuracy. *First agent sent out reports an order at every call for two weeks* Rare chance for agents to make money. Send $1.00 for outfit. TERMS VERY LIBERAL. *The Henry Bill Pub. Co., Norwich, Conn.*

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of John Newell, late of Bristol township deceased All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
JOHN D NEWELL, Administrator of John Newell, deceased or Dickinson & Hale
P B I Gibbons, his attys Bristol, Pa

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of Anne B Atkinson late of Bristol township, Bucks county, Pa deceased All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement, and those having claims against the same will present them without delay to
JOHN R STACKHOUSE, Executor

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER
Are you failing, try WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER, a pure, clean, wholesome
TONIC,
For Brain, Nerves, Stomach Liver, Kidneys, Lungs. An Unequaled Invigorant. Cures
DYSPEPSIA,
Headache, Fever, Ague, Chills,
DEBILITY & WEAKNESS.
Nice to take, true merit, unequaled for TORPID LIVER and Night Sweats, Nervous Weakness, Malaria, Leanness, Sexual Decline $1.00 per bot., 6 for $5.00, at Druggists E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U.S.A.

BUCHU-PAIBA
Kidney & Urinary Cure
Buchu-Paiba
Remarkable Cures of Catarrh of the Bladder, Inflammation, Irritation of Kidneys and Bladder, Stone or Gravel Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Dropsical Swellings, Female Diseases, Incontinence of Urine, all Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs in either sex. For Unhealthy or Unnatural Discharges use also "Chapin Injection Hour," each $2
For SYPHILIS, either contracted or hereditary taint, use Chapin's Constitution Bitter Syrup, $1.00 per bottle, and Chapin's Syphilitic Pills, $1.00; and Chapin's Syphilitic Salve, $1.00 6 bottle Syrup, 2 of Pills, 1 Salve, by Express receipt of $10.00, or at Druggists
E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

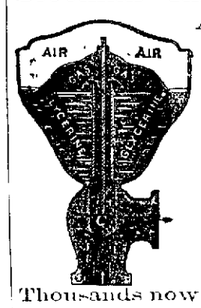
ONLY $20.
This Style Philadelphia SINGER, with full Set of Attachments, sent on two weeks' trial. We do not ask you to pay one cent until you use the machine in your own home two weeks. Other companies charge $40 for this style Warranted for 5 yrs. Circular and testimonials free.
C. A. WOOD & CO.,
17 North 10th St., Philada., Pa.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Gazette Office, BRISTOL, Pa

MISCELLANEOUS.

GAS BILLS Reduced Fifteen to Forty per cent., Guaranteed,
BY USING THE
Sleeman Improved Automatic Gas-Saving Governor.



All Brass: no Rubber or Leather Diaphragm to be Eaten up by Gas: no Mercury to cause Dangerous Leaks and Poison the Air.

WE SUBSTANTIATE THE FOLLOWING CLAIMS

Greater brilliancy, steadier flame, no broken globes.
No blowing nor smoking burners. Insurance risks greatly reduced.
No poisonous vapors from unconsumed gases.
No vitiated atmosphere.
No smoked up walls, paintings nor drapery.
Save the rent cost every 3 months. Equal to 400 per cent. per annum. Do they pay?

Thousands now in use in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and elsewhere. Time proves all things.

Pamphlets giving full information and highest testimonials at GAZETTE office, or by mail.

The Penna. and New Jersey Gas-Saving Company,
721 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
JESSE O. THOMAS, Manager for Bristol.

Upper Lehigh and Other First-Class COAL,
J. Wesley Wright,
West of Canal, Mill St.,
BRISTOL, PA.

EGG, STOVE, SMALL STOVE, $5.50.
CHESTNUT, $5.25.
BLACKSMITH'S COAL, First-Class,
$5.00 PER TON, AT THE YARD.
HARD AND SOFT WOOD, dry and nicely split.

AMBER SOAP, The Best in the Market for Family Use.

CHARLES W. PEIRCE,
CORNER WASHINGTON AND CANAL STS.

Does it Make People Talk? Yes.
DOES IT PAY TO MAKE PEOPLE TALK? YES.

When we advertised such immense bargains in PIANOS AND ORGANS we knew that people must talk about it Now we have SEVEN PIANOS, all good, some very slightly used, at very low figures. While we make a specialty of DECKER BRO.'S and HAINES BRO.'S PIANOS and MASON & HAMLIN and CARPENTER ORGANS, we can furnish any instrument at the very lowest figure. To prove this assertion we refer all to our many customers. We have a large assortment of fine STATIONERY, including some special lines of INKS, WRITING PAPERS, &c. Also a stock of FRENCH TISSUE PAPER, it

H. A. BRADFIELD'S,
NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

A NEW ISSUE OF STOCK
OF THE
BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT CO.

Subscriptions to the capital stock of the BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY will be received at the office of the Company in the Langston Mill, Bristol, Pa until further notice

1885, and payments made before that time will be allowed a discount at the rate of six per cent per annum

HAROLD PEIRCE, Treasurer

SHORTHAND Pamphlets mailed Free Lingle's Compendium of Lessons, by mail $1. Lingle's College of Shorthand 1231 Chestnut St Phila., Pa. J. M. LINGLE.

FOR SALE.

A PLOW PAPER CUTTER, for Printers use In good condition Apply at the GAZETTE Office JESSE O. THOMAS.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description Terms of payment very liberal JOSHUA PEIRCE

EVERY ONE Who Owns a WAGON Wants SEIBERT'S FOLDING CANOPY TOP. Folds up like an umbrella. Weighs less than 12 lbs. Can be taken off or put on in 3 minutes. Made in sizes to fit business wagons, pleasure wagons and buggies Send for illustrated circular and price list. Agents wanted everywhere. State where you saw this P. G. SEIBERT & CO., Patentees and Manuf'rs, Sandy Hook, Conn.

An Ordinance

RESPECTING NUISANCES IN THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL

SECTION 1—Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, That hereafter all dirt, earth, ashes or rubbish of whatsoever kind (except material to be used forthwith for building purposes deposited under permit issued by authority of the Burgess and Council) placed on any of the streets, lanes or alleys used as highways of the Borough of Bristol, or any obstruction whatsoever kind, which may be placed in the gutterways of the same or any part thereof, to the annoyance of any of the inhabitants of the Borough of Bristol, or any other person or persons, or any of the above recited streets, lanes or alleys, or any part thereof, shall be deemed to be a nuisance and the owner or occupier of lots in front of, or adjoining which any such nuisance may be suffered to remain for longer time than twenty-four hours shall be fined and pay the sum of one dollar for a neglect to remove the same within the aforesaid time and the first information given by the Committee on Streets and Nuisance or the High Constable to the owner or occupier continuing to neglect such removal, then or either of them shall forfeit and pay the sum of two dollars for every day such nuisance shall remain for a longer time than the time above mentioned twenty-four hours.

SECTION 2—All fines and penalties made payable in this ordinance shall be recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are by law recoverable, and so much of said fines shall forthwith be paid to the Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol for the use of the corporation

SECTION 3—That it shall be the duty of the High Constable to see that the provisions of this ordinance are faithfully carried out and enforced

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 25th day of May A. D. 1885

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY Burgess
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk

An Ordinance

TO REPEAL AN ORDINANCE ENTITLED AN ORDINANCE REQUIRING THE REMOVAL OF OBSTRUCTIONS PLACED IN THE STREETS, ALLEYS AND GUTTERWAYS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL

Be it ordained on the 28th day of April A. D. 1873 the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol did enact an ordinance to require the removal of obstructions placed in the streets, alleys or gutterways of the Borough of Bristol.

And whereas owing to the changed condition of affairs consequent upon the lapse of time, and the growth and need of the Borough, said ordinance does not meet the requirements at present existing. *Now, therefore it is ordained* by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same that the ordinance entitled "An ordinance requiring the removal of obstructions placed in the streets alleys or gutterways of the Borough of Bristol" enacted by said ordinance on the 28th day of April, A. D., 1873 shall be and the same is hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 25th day of May A. D. 1885

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Burgess.
Clerk.

WE WANT more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out Beginners succeed grandly Some fail Terms free HALLETT Book Co., Augusta Maine.

SUMMER PLEASURES AND PLANS can be enhanced with the use of Dr. Hunt's Extract Blackberry and Ginger to prevent and cure all sorts of Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint (*so fatal to young children*) etc and all diseases of the stomach and bowels A few drops in a glass of water makes a most refreshing drink acting as a preventative to fever, asthma and teething Children should never be without it. All druggists, 25 & 50 cts. Send for WM. SPENCER & CO., 10th & Market Sts., Phila. Pa. for pamphlets and cards

A PRIZE Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to introduce our Celebrated Chromo Cards, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world All of either sex, succeed from the first hour The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once TRUE & Co. Augusta Maine

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP! THE BEST
BLATCHLEY'S TRIPLE ENAMEL PORCELAIN-LINED or SEAMLESS TUBE COPPER-LINED PUMP
Do not be argued into buying inferior goods when you can get THE BEST for the same money
C. G. BLATCHLEY, MANUFACTURER,
308 MARKET ST., Philadelphia.
For sale by the best houses in the trade.

TEACHERS Make $50 to $150 per month selling our Standard Books and Bibles. Send for circulars. Spring and Summer Address J. C. McCurdy & Co., Phila

BURTON'S EXPRESS.

JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kuler's Cigar Store, No 68 Mill street will be promptly attended to.

J. Wesley Wright,
Next Canal Bridge,
Mill St. Bristol, Pa.

TRUSSES.

OF VARIOUS PATTERNS AND OF ALL SIZES.

Prices as a rule much lower than city parties who make a specialty of Trusses.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety.

J. Wesley Wright,
Next Canal Bridge,
Mill St. Bristol, Pa.

An Ordinance

IN REFERENCE TO EXCAVATIONS IN THE PUBLIC STREETS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same that hereafter no person, firm or corporation, except such as shall be duly licensed by the proper authority shall dig in the or cause to be dug, any excavation in the streets, lanes or alleys in the public streets of the borough of Bristol without having first obtained a written permit from the Council to do the same.

SECTION II That whenever any excavation shall have been made in the said public streets under the authority of the permit to be issued by the Clerk of the Town Council as aforesaid or by any of the above recited persons, and it shall be the duty of the said persons to refill the same and restore the said streets to the same order and condition as before such excavation was made.

SECTION III That during the time any excavation is being made aforesaid, the street or streets shall be as little obstructed as possible, and at night proper guards and lights attached, shall be placed to give public notice and guard any danger from such excavation.

SECTION IV That the aforesaid excavations may not be street shall be made by any corporation for the purpose of laying gas or water mains or pipes, where such mains or pipes have not been before laid between the 1st days of December in any year and the 1st day of March following.

SECTION V Any person, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall on every such offense forfeit and pay the sum of one Hundred dollars, to be recovered before the Burgess, or any Justice of the Peace, in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are by law recoverable, and the said fines when collected shall be forthwith paid to the Treasurer for the use and benefit of the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 11th day of May A. D. 1885

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY, Burgess
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk of Town Council

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

An Ordinance

IN REFERENCE TO EXCAVATIONS IN THE PUBLIC STREETS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same that from and after the passage of this ordinance no person, firm or corporation, except such as shall be duly licensed by the proper authority shall dig in the or cause to be dug, any excavation in the streets, lanes or alleys in the public streets of the borough of Bristol without having first obtained a written permit from the Council to do the same.

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Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 11th day of May A. D. 1885

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY, Burgess
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk of Town Council

FIVE FRAME BODY BRUSSELS.
BRUSSELS! BRUSSELS!
At 50, 62, 68, 75, 90 and $1.00 per yard
EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN, 60 to 75 cents.
EXTRA SUPER INGRAINS, Cotton Chain.
ALL WOOL INGRAIN 65 cts yard
INGRAINS, in all grades, from 52 cts per up.
WOOL STRIPE RAG CARPETS
HALL AND STAIR CARPETS in large variety
MATTINGS! MATTINGS! MATTINGS from 12½ cts a yard up.
Floor Oil Cloth and Oil Cloth Shades.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

[illegible]HURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885.

[illegible] at the Bristol Post Office as [illegible] matter.

[illegible] BULLETIN.

[illegible] of the GAZETTE, in wrappers [illegible] at this office. Price, [illegible] cents.

[illegible]

[illegible] to some friend [illegible] induced to subscribe. You [illegible] your [illegible] a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible] 7.00 and 11.15 A. M., and [illegible] 11.15 A. M., 4.00 and [illegible] P. M.

[illegible] Arrives 7.00 and 8.45 A. M., [illegible] and 1.30 P. M. Closes 5.45 and [illegible] 2.50 and 6.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11.30 A. M. Closes 12.00 M.

[illegible] VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE —Arrives 7.00 A. M. Closes 11.30 A. M.

[illegible], TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND [illegible] —Arrives 1.00 P. M. Closes 8.00 A. M.

[illegible] Arrives 10.00 A. M. and 4.00 [illegible] M. Closes 8.00 A. M., and 1.00 and [illegible] P. M. WESTERN.—Arrives 10.00 A. M.

[illegible] the West and South go by every [illegible] mail.

[illegible] mail for New York City closes at [illegible]

Post Office closes at 8 P. M. Saturday night at 9.30 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

[illegible] Lodge, No. [illegible], K. of P. Washington Hall, [illegible] evenings.

[illegible] Lodge, 87, I. O. O. F. Washington Hall, [illegible] evenings.

Fidelity Council, 21, Jr O U A M Mohican Hall, Thursday evenings.

[illegible] Tribe, Imp. O. M. Mohican Hall. Monday evenings.

[illegible] Post, 73, G. A. R. Mohican Hall, [illegible] other Tuesday evening.

Bristol Castle, 103, A. O. K. M. C. Mohican Hall, Friday evenings.

Bristol Lodge, 25, A. Y. M. Masonic Hall, Saturday [illegible] on or before full moon.

Bristol Division, 107, Sons of Temperance, [illegible] Hall. Tuesday evenings.

Martha Washington Chamber, No. 2, O. K. F., Washington Hall. Thursday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty League, No. 20, L. L. L. Mohican Hall every other Wednesday evening.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA—For Philadelphia, 7.00 A. M. and 4.00 P. M.
From Philadelphia, 2 and 6 P. M.

TWILIGHT—For Philadelphia, 9.30 A. M. and [illegible] P. M.
From Philadelphia, 7 A. M. and 3 P. M.

SILVER STAR—For Philadelphia, 8.00 A. M.
From Philadelphia, 2.00 P. M.
For Bordentown, 1.30 P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—2.42, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.50, 8.11, 8.23, 9.16, 11.04 A. M., 12.15, 1.35, 2.52, 3.05, 3.26, 4.11, 5.43, 6.39, 7.06, 7.31, 8.00, 9.38, 11.20 P. M. Sundays.—8.11, 9.00 A. M., 12.25, 5.31, 7.15, 9.28 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—12.01, 6.06, 6.50, 7.31, 8.00, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M., 12.01, 2.02, 3.31, 4.20, 5.00, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.35, 7.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.15 P. M. Sundays.—12.01, 7.40, 8.06, 8.30, 9.01 A. M., 2.06, 6.00 and 6.30 P. M.

For Trenton.

12.11, 1.05, 7.28, 8.30, 8.41, 9.16, 11.02, 11.56 A. M., 12.54, 3.08, 4.21, 5.36, 6.20, 6.42, 7.00, 7.09, 7.30, 10.01, 11.11 P. M. Sundays—1.05, 8.41, 9.16, 10.04 A. M., 3.05, 7.09 P. M.

From Trenton.

2.22, 6.30, 7.00, 7.56, 8.00, 9.25, 10.47, 11.17, 11.55 A. M., 1.18, 2.35, 2.49, 3.05, 3.59, 5.25, 6.20, 6.52, 7.14, 7.40, 9.18, P.M. Sundays—2.22 A. M., 12.01, 5.16, 9.05, 11.00 P. M.

For New York.

4.05, 7.28, 9.16, 11.56 A. M., 5.36, 6.42, 7.00, 10.01 P. M. Sundays—1.05, 9.16 A. M., 7.09 P. M.

From New York.

6.20, 8.30, 11.10 A. M., 1.00, 4.40, 5.00, 7.00, 12.00 night. Sundays, 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

—Watermelons have arrived.

—The Walnut street wharf is being repaired.

—John M. Dorrance and family are at Asbury Park.

—Mr. Harvey Wood is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

—Gravel has been placed on the borough streets where most needed.

—Miss Case, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Annie Landreth.

—Misses Anna and Mary Cabeen go to Burlington, Vt., to-day, to spend the summer vacation.

—Daniel Muncey, of Washington, D. C., is visiting his old friends in Bristol and vicinity.

—The Methodist Sunday school picnic at Beverly park was much enjoyed by those in attendance.

—Over $1500 of the borough taxes were paid to James Wright, treasurer, last Monday and Tuesday.

—Bristol had a heavy rain one day this week which did not extend as far as Tullytown or Torresdale.

—The Misses Peirce, of Philadelphia and formerly of this borough, are spending the summer months in Bristol.

—Burlington City Councils appropriated $2[illegible]0 for celebrating the Fourth day of July. The citizens subscribed a like sum.

—Mrs. John Baker, who sailed about two weeks ago on the "State of Pennsylvania," arrived at Glasgow, Scotland, on last Monday morning.

—The steamboat Columbia will make three trips to Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, and the Edwin Forrest will make double trips on that day.

—William Kelly, the companion of Jesse Woodington, who several weeks ago, it is claimed, robbed a stranger of $2.50, was on last Saturday sent by Esquire Bailey to Doylestown to await trial.

—The Philadelphia *Press* wants to know if General Davis is appointed Pension Agent. It says that Colonel Norris has not yet received any notice of his removal, and General Davis has not appeared at the office to take charge.

—The change in the postal laws went into effect yesterday. The new law does not effect the postage on ordinary letters, such as have heretofore been sent for two cents. Heavier letters, however, can now go at a cheaper rate than before. The rule formerly was that letter postage must be prepaid at the rate of two cents for each half-ounce or fractional part thereof. The rate is now two cents for each ounce or fractional part. It is believed that the effect on the weight of the mails will be gradual, but the diminution of the revenue will probably be immediately felt.

—The skating rink was largely patronized on last Thursday evening. The announcement that there would be a "cake walk" was, without doubt, the chief attraction. Skating was indulged in until half past nine o'clock. The floor was then cleared for the contest. Judges were appointed and seven couples appeared and promenaded around the rink a number of times keeping step to the music of the band. The cakes, two in number, were placed in the centre of the rink. The judges awarded the prize cake to George Longstreth and lady, as the most graceful walkers. The second prize was given to Charles Young and wife. The receipts were $180, of which about $100 was net profit. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Light of Liberty Lodge.

—The alarm of fire last Tuesday afternoon was caused by a spark from the kitchen chimney of Joseph G. Bell's house on Wood street, igniting the roof of the main part of the house. The fire was put out before any damage was sustained. There was a strong wind at the time and some uneasiness was manifested lest a serious fire would occur.

For the Bucks County Gazette.

THE CAUSE OF BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

In the past crisis manufacturers especially have felt the depression in business to fall as a heavy burden upon them.

Why this depression? "Over-production" is the cry.

Then comes the query, if all the vast population is comfortably clothed and fed, would not all the wearing apparel that could be manufactured be appropriated and all the productions of the earth consumed.

Joshua L. Baily ably and clearly answers this in his lecture on the "Drink Traffic," before the House of Representatives at Harrisburg.

"A great deal has been said about over-production. There is complaint, not only that there a great surplus in the products of the loom and the forge, but there s a very unwelcome surplus in the products of the field, as though the 'Lord of the Harvest' had made a mistake in blessing us too abundantly; and thus it is thought to account for the stoppage of mills forges, the enforced idleness of tens of thousands of people, and the general business depression which overspreads the country. But after carefully considering the matter with the best light I have been able to obtain, I have reached the conclusion that our present troubles are not the result of 'over-production,' but 'under-consumption.' I do not believe that our fields have brought forth too abundantly, or that the loom and forges have produced beyond the people's necessities. It is because our people are wasting such a large part of their earnings on that which brings them neither health nor strength nor comfort; and that they have not wherewith to buy food and clothing and other necessaries, for the lack of which so many are now suffering. According to the revenue returns of the United States, it appears that our people spent last year more than eight hundred million dollars for strong drink. The amount of money spent for bread in a single year, according to the census returns of 1880, is five hundred and three million, and the tota amount for all the fabrics of cotton and wool, $447,000,000. Think of it, fellow citizens, $800,000,000 for strong drink to $500,000,000 for bread; $800,000,000 for strong drink to $447,000,000 for fabrics of cotton and wool. Were the old prophet of Judea here to day with what indignation and reproving earnestness would he cry out, 'Wherefor do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfyeth not?' Is it any wonder that mills and factories and forges are standing idle, that great quantities of merchandise are piled up in our warehouses, that cloths, calicoes and shoes lie uncalled for on the dusty shelves of the tradesmen, and that thousands walk up and down our streets and highways unemployed?"

This is but a short extract of a lecture that should be read by all good citizens. Mr. Baily could have carried his statistics still further and added $600,000,000 for tobacco, making $1,400,000,000 spent for that which only brings disease, poverty and degredation, while for education is spent $85,000,000, and for Christian, home and foreign missions, $5,500,000.

H.

—IVY ON THE WALL.—An exchange says: The common belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling house produces damp walls and general unhealthiness is fallacious. The very opposite is the case. If one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have conducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold act like suckers, in drawing on any articles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a great coat, keeping the house from wet and warm. One more virtue it has in giving to the ugliest structure an evergreen beauty.

For the Bucks County Gazette.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEPTUAGENARY.

THE DICKENS RECEPTION IN ST. LOUIS.

Early in May, 1842, news came to St. Louis that Charles Dickens was about to visit that city. With their usual hospitality the people determined that he should be their guest. St. Louis was then a small place, having I believe, less than twenty thousand inhabitants; but it was a very pleasant and agreeable city. In it was intermingled the manners of the old French noblesse, the vehement ardor of the American of the Southern States, and the energy, perseverance and broad-mindedness of the Northern man, the whole moulded together into one homogeneous community. How the preliminary arrangements of this reception were made I do not remember, but they were done without ostentation, without any vulgar publicity, by gentlemen of recognized standing, and arranged with with profuse liberality and unbounded hospitality. I was not present at the first introductions to our guest, but I saw him shortly afterwards; my impressions I will give as I proceed further on. Apartments had been provided for him at the Planter's House, then kept by Stickney & Knight. The Planter's was one of largest hotels in the country and one of the best; generous in all its arrangements; sometimes a dozen kinds of game on the table at once; so that we were surfeited with delicacies, and when on Mondays, we New England men were indulged with baked beans and brown bread and Indian pudding we felt it quite a relief. The programme of entertainments for our guest included a reception. I was included in a sub-committee to act as ushers, or masters of ceremonies, or something of that kind. The reception was held in the spacious dining room of the Planter's. Mr. Dickens makes no mention of this affair in his American Notes; of all courtesies of this kind during his visit to this country he preserves silence. He says, "I have made no reference to my reception, nor have I suffered it to influence me in what I have written, for in either case, I should have offered but a sorry acknowledgement, compared with that I keep within my own breast." The reception in St. Louis was a brilliant affair. A large number of the best people were there, and it was in every way enjoyable. Our guest was evidently delighted. And here I may give my own impressions of his appearance. He seemed to me to be very youthful to have made such a mark in the world; his manner was simplicity itself, perfectly unaffected and natural; his countenance beamed with the enjoyment of the scene; his beardless face made him look more youthful than he was, and his long, luxuriant hair seemed in unison. People in those days dressed more gaily than at present: sombre black was not the regulation color for evening costume, but I thought him over-dressed, a little cockneyish, in fact, for he had on a colored coat, a very fancy vest and necktie, and a long conspicuous watch chain. Mrs. Dickens, as a lady, was somewhat larger than her husband; had more reserve of manner; dressed with more simplicity; had a sympathetic voice, and seemed to be a very quiet, lovable woman. I hardly think she enjoyed the scene as much as her husband, and I noticed she frequently turned her eyes toward him, who was the centre of a circle of admirers; I thought she wanted to get away, into a quiet place. In the course of the evening a gentleman came to me, a Mr. John Thorburn, a son of Grant Thorburn, of New York, the hero of Galts' novel "Lawrie Todd;" this Mr. John Thorburn was a florist, *the* florist of St. Louis. He said to me, "will you do me a favor? I wish to present a bouquet to Mrs. Dickens; will you present it to her in my name?—and say it comes from a gentleman who was from her native town in Scotland, and was a member of the congregation to which her father ministered," for Mrs. Dickens was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. I, of course, assented; and in a few minutes he returned with a bouquet, and such a bouquet; I have never since then seen a bouquet of such magnitude. It was beautifully arranged with exquisite flowers; but its size was enormous; and as I marched up the long hall I imagined all eyes were on me. I felt that the bouquet was too large for my personality, or rather, I was too small for the bouquet. I presented it with the message to Mrs. Dickens. She received it with evident admiration, and I thought, with a little astonishment; and begged me to convey her thanks to the donor, and that I should bring him to her, as she was desirous of his acquaintance. I did so, and in a few minutes they were engaged in an animated conversation, probably reminiscences of the old home in Scotland; and all appearance of weariness vanished from her face. There was dancing of course—it would have been strange if there had not been dancing where the French element so preponderated, and a very ornate and luxurious supper. Toward the small hours our guests retired, and after a while we all reluctantly went home, having spent a delightful evening, well well worth remembering. In another paper I will give an account of our journey with Dickens to Looking Glass Prairie.

—Edward T. Streeter, son of B. Frank Streeter, formerly a resident of this place, died at his father's residence in Philadelphia on Monday.

☞No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treatment of malarial diseases. It contains, besides a specific and unfailing antidote for miasmatic poison, other remedial agents which unite to expel the poisonous humors, purify the system, and leave it in a healthy and reinvigorated condition.

☞Gents' all wool pants $2.00, worth $4.00. Wood's.

☞Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

☞Gents' Mackinaw hats 60 cts. worth $1.50. Wood's.

☞Go to Louderbough's and get one of his Henry Clay 3 cent cigars, the best in town. No. 57 Mill street is the place.

☞Seersucker coats and vests at Johnson Brothers Clothing Store.

☞Men's moleskin pants, $1.00 worth $1.25. Wood's.

☞At Goforth's, 66 Mill street, can be found pure teas, coffees, spices, &c

☞Straw hats for men and boys at Johnson Brothers' clothing store.

☞Boys' seersucker waists at Johnson Brothers' clothing store, corner of Wood and Mill streets.

☞Little boys all wool suits $2.00. Wood's.

☞The latest thing in neckwear at Johnson Brothers' clothing store, corner of Wood and Mill streets.

☞For pure teas, coffees, and spices go to Goforth's, 66 Mill street.

☞George L. Horn, at the corner of Wood and Mill streets, keeps a first class meat market. Go and see.

☞Shirts, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, gloves, &c., at Johnson Brothers' clothing store, corner of Wood and Mill streets.

☞If you want a good smoker go to Louderbough, No. 57 Mill street, and get one of his Royal Eagle Key West cigars, the best 5 cent cigar in Bristol.

☞Gents' merino shirts 25 cts. worth 50. Wood's.

—The coming fourth of July will not be celebrated anywhere in Bucks county in a formal way with the exception of the exercises at Quakertown, [illegible] local lodges of secret orders and a woods meeting. There will be the usual suspension of business everywhere and many individual attempts at patriotism, but no old fashioned, broad gauge, enthusiastic, tumultous assembling together in our borders. Since the fourth of July, 1876, the Declaration of Independence has not been read before any considerable body of citizens in the county. There are many good sized boys and girls in the county who never heard it read in public nor have read it for themselves. The oration of Hon. George Lear, delivered at Doylestown in that year, is the last address of the kind which has found its way into the columns of the local press for nine years. The day is fast losing its old time pre-eminence and interest.—*Exchange.*

BRISTOL CEMETERY.

Lots 9 by 15 feet, as low as $27 each.
Lots sold on instalment.
A suitable place is reserved for single interments. WALTER R. JOHNSON, President, Hulmeville, Pa.
H. PURSELL, Secretary,
S. W. corner Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

TWO GOOD HORSES, CART, HARNESS AND WAGON. For sale cheap.
DeWITT BROS., Pond Street.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bucks county to make distribution of the balance in the hands of Pierson Mitchell, executor of Philip Worthington deceased, to and among the persons entitled thereto according to law, hereby gives notice to all parties interested that he will meet them for the purpose of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bristol in said county on Tuesday, the 28th day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ANTHONY SWAIN, Auditor.

Bristol, July 1st, 1885.

ABOUT PHOSPHATES

Acidulated S. C. Phosphate Rock is not a complete manure—it is valuable for its soluble Phosphoric Acid only; and contains no Ammonia. It is often called "Soluble Bone," "Mineral Bone," "Fossil Bone," &c.

We are prepared to supply this article at the lowest possible rate, and guarantee 12 to 14 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid.

FARMERS, DO NOT BE DECEIVED

TRADE THE MARK
TWENTY FIVE DOLLAR PHOSPHATE

ADOPTED [illegible] 1880 [illegible]

Is not South Carolina Rock. It is a true Ammoniated Animal Bone Super-Phosphate. We are the only manufacturers of it, and every bag has our name and address on, also guaranteed analysis. *None other is genuine.*

BAUGH & SONS, Philadelphia

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE TRADE MARK

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. It is made from Bones of Cattle, slaughtered at the Abattoir and slaughter houses of Philadelphia. We are now selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bone at very low prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands. We supply fertilizers for all crops. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide.

BAUGH & SONS, 20 S. Del. Ave. Phila. Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIKE HIS FATHER,

He Was Afflicted With Stone in the Bladder.

Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Duchess County, N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this Journal in connection with an article similar to this, was like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. The father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, which had worked so succesfully in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried FAVORITE REMEDY. After two weeks' use of it he passed a stone ½ of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of a return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed: What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to imperil, that the FAVORITE REMEDY does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weakness peculiar to females.

Thousands of Grateful People voluntarily testify in letters to Dr. Kennedy, with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business documents and certificates never possess, what "Favorite Remedy," the great specific for blood, liver and kidney disorders, has done for them and their friends.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bucks county, to make distribution of the sum of $9,397 18-100 remaining in the hands of John Burton and Elwood Burton, Executors of Abraham Swain, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will meet all parties in interest at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Wednesday, July 22nd, 1885, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purposes of his appointment, when and where they may attend if they see proper.

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Bucks County.
In the matter of the Estate of Ann Larzelere, late of the township of Bristol in said county, deceased.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of the county of Bucks, to make distribution of the balance in the hands of William Larzelere, administrator of the estate of Ann Larzelere, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will meet all persons interested in said distribution at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Friday, the Seventeenth day of July, A. D., 1885, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where they may attend if they see proper.

B. F. GILKESON, Auditor.

June 24, 1885.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of John Wharton late of Falls township, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JOHN CARMAN, Tullytown, Pa.
THOMAS C. LEET, Morrisville, Pa.
Executors of John Wharton, deceased.
or B. F. GILKESON, their att'y, Bristol, Pa.

Notice of Application for Charter.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made by David P. Everitt, David Harrison, John Schatt, Edwin W. Henry and H. T. Stanke on Monday, the thirteenth day of July, A. D. 1885, to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled an "Act to provide for the Incorporation and the Regulation of certain Corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Benevolent Building and Saving Fund Association," the business of which is to be carried on within the county of Bucks, with the office of the said corporation at Newportville, in said county and the character and object whereof is the accumulation of a fund until the payments, interest and profits thereon are sufficient to divide to each member the sum of $200 for each share of stock by him or her held, and to assist the members in the purchase of homes and the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

MAHLON H STOUT, Solicitor.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County.

TO AARON DOBLE OR HIS LEGAL REPRESENTATIVES.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of May, A. D., 1885, at a Court of Common Pleas, held at Doylestown in and for the county of Bucks, the petition of John R. Breece and Harriet W. Breece, his wife, was presented setting forth that upon the 28th day of March, A. D., 1853, Aaron Stackhouse, of the township of Bristol in said county, executed and delivered unto Aaron Doble, of the Borough of Morrisville, in said county, two certain indentures of mortgage upon all that messuage and lot of land situate in the township of Falls, county of Bucks and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a corner of Robert Alexander's land in the middle of the road leading from Fallsington to the Pennsbury road and running thence by said Alexander's land south 13⅛° west 45¾ perches and south 84½° west 22 8-10 perches, crossing the canal to the easterly side of the turnpike road, thence along the easterly side of said road north 27½° east 47 4-10 perches to a corner, thence along and into the said road south 84½° west 1½ perches to a corner in the first named road, thence along the middle of the same by lands of David Heston, crossing the canal again north 70° east 137-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 4 acres and 27 perches of land, be the same, more or less, and being the same premises which William H. Doble and wife by indenture bearing date March 28, 1853, granted and conveyed unto the said Aaron Stackhouse in fee. That the first of the said indentures of mortgage was executed and delivered to secure the payment of the sum of $800 with interest and is duly recorded in the office for the Recording of Deeds &c., at Doylestown in and for said county in mortgage book No. 24, page 661 &c., and the second of the said indentures of mortgage was duly recorded in the aforsaid office in mortgage book, No. 25, page 26 &c., to secure the payment of $1050 with interest.

That Aaron Doble the mortgagee named in the two said indentures of mortgage, a number of years ago removed out of the State of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of taking up his residence in some one of the Western States, that the present residence of the said Aaron Doble is unknown to the petitioners and the petitioners do not know of their own knowledge whether the said Aaron Doble is living or dead, but the petitioners have been informed that the said Aaron Doble is dead. That neither of the said mortgages have ever been assigned by the said Aaron Doble to any person so far as the petitioners are informed and believe and that no assignment of either of the said mortgages has ever been recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of the said county of Bucks and that by the state of the record the said Aaron Doble is still the holder and owner of both of said mortgages. That no satisfaction appears upon the record of either of said indentures of mortgage. That from the lapse of time since the execution and delivery of the said two indentures of mortgage the legal presumption exists that both of the same have been paid; that the petitioners believe that both of said mortgages have long since been fully paid and that the only reason why they have never been satisfied is from the neglect of the said Aaron Doble and his removal from the State: That the petitioners are informed and believe that no demand has been made upon any of the owners of the land bound by the lien of the said mortgages for the payment of the principal or any part thereof, or of any interest upon either of the said mortgages for more than twenty years past. That Harriet W. Breece, one of petitioners, is the owner in fee simple of the real estate bound by the lien of the two said indentures of mortgages hereinbefore recited, and praying the Court that such proceedings should be had in the premises as are directed by the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided to the end that a decree of the Court should be made directing that satisfaction shall be entered on the record of both said indentures of mortgage by the Recorder of Deeds of the county of Bucks on payment of the costs due relative to the entry of said mortgages or any proceedings thereon; and which satisfaction so entered shall for ever thereafter discharge, defeat and release the same and shall likewise bar all actions brought, or to be brought thereon as fully and effectually to all intents and purposes as if the said satisfaction had been entered by the legal holder or holders of the said mortgages. Whereupon the said Court having heard the said petition and considered the same, directed the Sheriff of Bucks county to serve a notice stating the facts set forth in the said petition on Aaron Doble or his legal representatives if to be found in the county of Bucks, and in case the said Aaron Doble or his legal representatives cannot be found in said county then the said Sheriff was directed to give public notice by advertisement in a newspaper published in said county once a week for four weeks successively prior to the next term of the court requiring the said Aaron Doble or his legal representatives to appear at said term and answer the said petition.

You, the said Aaron Doble, or the legal representatives of the said Aaron Doble, are hereby notified to be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Doylestown in and for the county of Bucks, on Monday, the Fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1885, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day and show cause, if any you have, why a decree of the said Court should not be made directing the Recorder of Deeds of said County to satisfy the said mortgages of record as prayed for.

ELIAS EASTBURN, Sheriff of Bucks Co.
B. F. GILKESON, Att'y for Petitioners.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THAT you are bothered nearly to death with rheumatic twinges or the pangs of neuralgia is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Experiment with a good medicine. Try Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Recollect it is GUARANTEED by every druggist. Neuralgia and Rheumatism never stood before it.

SHOW us a man or women, if you can, afflicted with toothache, earache, headache, backache, any ache, that has sought relief in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to no advantage, and in return we will refer you to thousands similarly affected whom this medicine has restored and cured completely.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

STEAMBOAT SILVER STAR.

Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 8 o'clock A. M. Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2.30 o'clock P. M.
Fare, 25 cents. Excursion tickets, 40 cents.

Trips Resumed.
STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,

Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.00 A. M. and 4 P. M., touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leave Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday, at 8.15 A. M. and 1 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c.

STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT.

The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M. Sunday Excursions—leave Philadelphia at 8.30 A. M., 2.30 P. M., and Bristol at 10.30 A. M., and 5 P. M., Torresdale omitted. Excursion, 40 cts. Freight taken at low rates.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
EDWIN FORREST

Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leaves Arch St. wharf.			Leaves South Trenton.		
Friday,	3,	2.30 P.M	Friday,	3,	6.30 P.M
Saturday,	4,	5.30 A.M & 4.00 P.M	Saturday,	4,	8.45 A.M & 7.15 P.M
Monday,	6,	6.45 A.M	Monday,	6,	10.15 A.M
Tuesday,	7,	7.00 A.M	Tuesday,	7,	11.00 A.M
Wedn'day,	8,	7.16 A.M	Wedn'day,	8,	11.15 P.M
Thursday,	9,	9.30 A.M	Thursday,	9,	1.30 P.M

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 50 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts.

G. F. Stone & Co.,

NO. 67 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

PLUMBING,

STEAM, & GAS PIPE FITTING.

ALSO DEALERS IN

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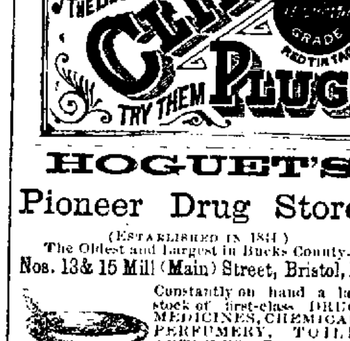

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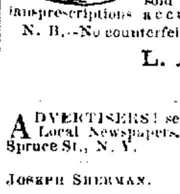

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SECTION I. Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same. That whenever, in the judgement of the Committee on Streets of the Councils of the Borough of Bristol, any pavement, gutter, or curb on the public streets of said Borough is deemed to be out of repair or not in conformity with the grade of the street, then the Committee on Streets shall at once issue a written or printed notice, directed to the owner or owners of the property in front of, around or upon which such pavement, gutter or curb needing alterations or repairs is situated, directing such owner or owners to have said repairs or alterations made, and it shall be the duty of said owner or owners, upon receiving notice as aforesaid, to proceed to have the necessary repairs and alterations made, as directed by the Committee, in default of which, after the lapse of three months from the serving of notice as aforesaid, the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol shall proceed to do the work and recover the cost thereof from such owner or owners in accordance with the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

SECTION II. And it shall be the duty of the [illegible] of all notices served in accordance with the provisions of this Ordinance, and to report such record to the Clerk of Council at every regular meeting of the Council.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol the 25th day of May A. D., 1885.

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY,
Burgess.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Clerk.

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The Æsthetes.

The wild young kitten aroused the cat,
As dozing at ease in the path she sat.
"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
A flower that suggested an Orient queen!
'Tis yonder by the nasturtion-vine—
Barbaric and tropic and leonine—
(I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
But they've something to do with the flower I've seen!)
And the aim in life of a high-toned cat
Is to gaze forever on flowers like that!"

To the wild young kitten replied the cat,
As blinking her eyes in the sun she sat:
"I should hope I had known how sunflowers grow,
I—could n't—count—how- many years ago!
But they never caused in my well-poised mind
Ideas of a dubious, dangerous kind!
And your time henceforth—it's your Ma's advice—
Will be spent in maturing your views on Mice!"

The wild young puppy disturbed the pug,
As she drowsed in peace on the Persian rug.
"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
A plume that suggested a rainbow's sheen!
With a gorgeous eye of a dye divine—
Blue-green, iridescent, and beryline—
(I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
But they've something to do with the thing I've seen!)
And the only joy of a cultured pug,
Is to gaze on such in a graceful jug!"

To the wild young puppy replied the pug,
Composing herself on the Persian rug:
"I would blush with shame through my dusky tan
If I raved at a piece of a peacock fan!
'T would never have raised in my sober mind
Ideas of a doubtful, delirious kind!
I will see that henceforth your attention goes
To perfecting the snub of your small black nose!"

—Helen Gray Cone, in St. Nicholas for June.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

"I say, Charley, you've done for yourself this time!" said pretty Doris Thornton to her adorer, Charley Ringwood, of the Calkshire regiment, as they were sitting together after dinner in the conservatory attached to the pleasant riverside villa belonging to Doris' father, Mr. Thomas Thornton, of the stock exchange.

"Why—how, Doris?" asked the young man.

"By speaking as you did at dinner against steam launches, and saying that the men who owned them and used them were cads," replied Doris. "Papa's just bought one, and, next to his fishing, has made it his great hobby."

"By Jove! that's unlucky," said Charlie. "Now what's to be done? It's no use my going and telling him I was only chaffing, because I spoke so straight."

"I don't know, I am sure," said Doris, seriously. "You could hardly have made a more unfortunate mistake, for papa considers the real cads to be those who growl because others like to move fast without any trouble to themselves."

"On a crowded river, washing away banks and kicking up no end of dirt and noise," continued the young officer. "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Doris, for the old boy's rather touchy, and it might influence his ideas with regard to you and me, eh?"

When the young people had returned to the drawing room it was very evident that the "old boy" was disturbed. In vain Charley sang his best songs; in vain he tried to inveigle the old gentleman into pleasant conversation; in vain he exerted every effort to show himself off to the best possible advantage. The blow had been dealt, and it rankled the capacious waistcoat of the wealthy old stockbroker. He answered his guest in curt monosyllables; he made much rustling with the newspaper, and coughed inordinatety during the performance of Charley's songs, and finally, when it was time for the young man to return townward, instead of offering him one of his famous Antonio Carunchos, shaking his hand heartily, and expressing a hope to see him again soon, the old gentleman assumed a severe air, and said:

"Ahem—Mr. Ringwood, of course—ahem—a gentleman of your refined taste could never—ahem—think of marrying a daughter of a cad who keeps a steam launch! Ahem—good night, sir."

Charles was staggered and looked pleadingly at Doris, who however, only shook her head slowly and significantly.

There were probably few more unhappy men that night within the metropolitan radius than Charlie Ringwood as he turned slowly homewards and pondered that, in the terse language of Doris, he had done for himself.

The next morning brought him, instead of hope, a letter from his sweetheart, which made him absolutely miserable. It was as follows:

My Dearest Charlie: I have snatched a moment to write these few lines. Papa was in an awful rage last night after you had gone; called you an insolent puppy, and all sorts of things, which I should not have minded had he not wound up by forbidding me to have any further communication with you, and saying that a man who would be ashamed of his father-in-law because he kept a steam launch was not a fit husband for his daughter. What are we to do? Ever your affectionate

Dora Thornton.

"Aye!" muttered Charlie, when he had read the letter for the twentieth time. "What are we to do? It's no use of arguing with this sort of old fellow; once he gets a notion into his head no power on earth can drive it out. I wish to goodness I'd never said a word about steam launches."

In the evening he went to his club, where he met with an old schoolfellow, Jack Raggles. Now, Jack Raggles, although continually in difficulty himself, was famous for his ingenuity in getting others out of trouble. More than once Charlie had been obliged to have recourse to him for advice, and he had never regretted it. This was a far more serious case than any preceding one, but Charlie was simply desperate, and would have clung to the maddest device suggested, as a drowning man clutches to a straw. So he got Jack Raggles into a quiet corner, and there, over a sherry-and-bitters, he laid the facts of the case before him.

"Well," said Jack when Charlie had concluded, "it is certainly an awkward case, and it would be deuced hard lines for you to have to chuck up all thoughts of marrying a nice and pretty girl like Miss Thornton for such a trifle. But I've got fellows out of far worse holes before now, and I dare say I shan't fail this time."

"You're a good fellow, Jack, upon my word you are," said Charlie, enthusiastically; "but, by Jove, if you get me out of this you'll be a genius."

Jack was silent for a few moments and puffed vigorously at his cigar. At length he added: "I say, Charlie, isn't the old man a regular maniac for fishing?"

"Rather!" replied Charlie. "He takes a holiday about three times a week on purpose to fish. He starts off after breakfast with a big hamper and a jar of beer, and he sits in a punt until evening. Still, now he's got this wretched steam launch, I expect he'll off with the old love and on with the new. But what has fishing to do with the subject in hand?"

"Never you mind just now," answered his friend, "but you find out from Miss Thornton when her father next intends to go out in his punt, and where he's likely to be, and then send me a telegram to Clarges street, and I'll tell you what to do."

Charlie had such implicit faith in Jack Raggle's ingenuity that he went home that evening in a comparatively happy frame of mind.

He wrote to Doris the first thing next morning, and the evening got a reply to the effect that Mr. Thornton was already making preparations for a long day's fishing upon the following Wednesday. He telegraphed immediately to Jack Raggles, and received the following reply:

"Keep close to him, but out of sight, at 6 o'clock in the evening."

Charlie wondered what on earth his friend's scheme could be, but he resolved to obey instructions. He knew very well that Mr. Thornton's happy hunting ground was a secluded backwater, famous for tench and perch, about a couple of hundred yards above the lawn of his house. Thither he repaired stealthily, like a man bent upon an evil errand, at about 5 o'clock, and took up a position upon the rough riverside path, well nigh hidden from sight by bushes and foliage, whence he could observe the enthusiastic old fisherman without being seen himself. The old gentleman was sitting like a wax figure in his punt, with a large cigar in his mouth and rod in hand, when Charlie arrived. So completely absorbed was Mr. Thornton in his sport that a regiment could have defiled past him without attracting his notice. Charlie watched him until a distant church clock chimed the quarter to 6.

He then saw the old gentleman take out his watch, look at it attentively, and after a few moments' hesitation slowly and reluctantly begin to pick up his rod and line and put his paraphernalia together.

Charlie began to get anxious. Whatever plan Raggles had concocted would have to be carried into execution quickly or it would be too late.

At last Mr. Thornton had arranged his tackle and united his punt poles and was pushing off into the stream.

Charlie's heart sank, but he crept swiftly forward to a little promontory to watch the old gentleman faithfully, according to instructions, until 6 o'clock.

Mr. Thornton, being old and obese, punted slowly and with difficulty, and as the clock struck 6 he had not yet got out of shallow water. So intent was charlie, however, in looking at him that he did not perceive the dark outline of a steam launch coming directly down upon the punt, and he was only made aware of the fact by seeing the old gentleman wave one arm vigorously and by hearing him shout lustily at the same time that he endeavored to get his unwieldy punt out of the way. But it was too late; the bow of the launch went gently against the punt, though with sufficient force to tilt it up, with which movement the poor old stock-broker went floundering into the water, yelling madly as he went.

Quick as thought Charlie dashed in. The water was fortunately barely up to his waist, so he seized Mr. Thornton under the arms, and, after much splashing and shouting and fuss, got him first into the punt and then on board the steam launch.

The first person Charlie saw on board was Jack Raggles, who, behind the rescued stock-broker's back, was impressing silence and non-recognition by energetic gestures.

Directly Mr. Thornton felt himself firmly on his feet he burst into a violent passion, which was in no way appeased by the approach of Jack Raggles, whom he did not know, with the most admirable expression of contrition on his face, and the words "I'm sure I'm awfully sorry, sir," on his lips.

"Sorry, sir!" roared the old gentleman, "so you ought to be, sir! I consider it positively iniquitous and abominable that a man can't go out for a day's fishing without being run into by a lot of cockneys who have no more idea of handling a steam launch than they have of handling a balloon! And I shall take the very earliest opportunity, sir, of laying the matter before the authorities, in order that such unwarrantable conduct may be . . . of the subject may be immediately put a stop to. It is abominable, sir, abominable!"

"Can I put you ashore anywhere?" asked Jack, deferentially.

"Yes, sir, you can, as soon as possible, and before I catch my death of cold," replied the old gentleman. "You see those steps ahead, sir?"

"I do," replied Jack.

"Well, then, if you can see those steps, how the devil was it that you couldn't see me?" said Mr. Thornton. "But as you can see them, steer to them, that is, if you know how to. They belong to me, sir, Thomas Thornton, Esq."

And yet, the irritated stock-broker had given no thought to his rescuer; but as they were floating gently down toward the house he turned and said:

"And to whom am I indebted for my rescue from a watery grave?"

Charles stepped quietly forward and bowed. The old gentleman started back and exclaimed:

"Good gracious! Mr. Ringwood! Sir, allow me to shake your hand most heartily. You have performed an action to-night which shall not pass without recognition. You are a noble fellow, sir—a noble fellow!"

"I did nothing, Mr. Thornton, but what any other man would have done under similar circumstances," said Charlie, feeling himself to be a dreadful hypocrite in assuming the deprecatory air of a hero; "but now that we are here together, I should like to express my extreme regret that I should have given you offense the other night by expressing my opinion about steam launches a little more candidly than perhaps I should have don; but believe me——"

Mr. Thornton interrupted him:

"Believe me, sir, you did not say enough. I am a complete convert to the opinion you hold. Steam launches are an abomination, sir, and mine is for sale this very moment."

A Tough Snake Story.

A Florida correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* tells a snake story that was vouched for by a gentleman of his acquaintance and in his own words:

"We had a good breed of hens and were right proud of them. Two were splendid hatchers—Giddy and Golly. You may laugh at the names, but they were given by a pet sister, who had been dead many years. After hearing a sermon on Sunday she decided to call her two chickens Gideon and Goliath. She was so delighted with them that mother hadn't the heart to change them, we christened them Giddy and Golly. They were handsome creatures, and never hatched less than fifteen out of sixteen eggs.

"One day my brother gravely informed me that he had seen a big snake in a corner of the barn, and we set out to hunt for it. As we neared the place there seemed to be an unusual commotion among the hens, and Giddy and Golly were vociferating on the edge of their respective nests in the language of their ilk with such vehemence that we could not hear ourselves think. Then we were sure that the snake had been brewing trouble, and forthwith searched the barn until we found it. Pinning it by the head in its corner, I cut it open, and there were thirteen of Golly's big white eggs, still warm and comfortable. These were at once transferred to the nest, making Golly happy over her recovered treasures. Well, madame, the thirteen eggs that had been in the snake's maw were every one hatched and grew up into matronly henhood, quite oblivious of their narrow and curious vicissitude."

The Vedic People.

The glimpses which, through these thousands of years, we obtain of the Vedic people are most interesting. We see them in their homes and villages, rudely protected against the inroads of wild beasts or the attacks of foes. Their chief means of support are herds and flocks, and, next to this, agriculture, which yields its harvest twice a year. They are also hunters with bow and arrow, as well as by snares and gins. Their food is chiefly farinaceous or of milk, and, although the use of water is so extolled, their favorite drink is a kind of spirit made of corn or barley, but especially *soma*, the drink of man and of gods, so inspiriting and gladdening as to have itself been raised to the rank of a god.

Among the various kinds of handicraft we mark specially that in wood, while the women are busy weaving and sewing or making adornments. Trade is still more primitive, chiefly that of barber, the cow forming the unit or standard by which the relative value of things is estimated. The introduction of money, specially of the Babalonian *mana*, points to intercourse with the Semitic races of the West. The formation of the marriage bond and its character are in strict accordance with what we know of the primitive East. Youths and maidens meet on festive or similar occasions. The intending suitor seeks the consent of the father or eldest brother of the maiden through "the friend of the bridegroom," who must be the eldest unmarried son of a family, since marriage must proceed in the regular succession of age. He has to purchase his bride by rich gifts to her father, when the marriage is celebrated in the home of the bride, in the presence of the two families and of friends.

Probably the maiden had a dowery, and such prospects or that of an inheritance seem to have been as helpful to matrimony as in our days. The wife was subject to her husband, but ruled not only over her household, but also over her brothers and sisters, and even her parents-in-law. The relation between man and wife seems to have been the most close and tender, and monogamy was the rule, polygamy the exception. The great desire and prayer was for the birth of a son; the advent of a daughter was certainly not hailed. The exposure of infants and of the aged seems quite exceptional, and the burning of widows is nowhere indicated in the Rig-Veda, although the practice must be traced up to very ancient times. The same simple, primative character appears in public life. The rule is vested in a King, hereditary or elective; it is not absolute, but controlled by the popular will, expressed in the great assemblies of the tribe or clan.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

The Realism of Science.

We are beginning to hear lamentations over the realism of our time. Not only are the gods dead, God is dead. Art finds no place for Imagination, save in setting her to devise ways and means for a more complete photographic process. Among the crimes laid to the account of Science, *this* is not the least; indeed, perhaps this may sum them all, that she has taken away our Lord and will show us nothing in return but the geologic formation of a sepulchre. While this charge is unjust, radically unjust, it must be allowed that the manner of commendation employed by many advocates of science is responsible, in large measure, for our bread-and-butter attitude. The fault lies in the original constitution of certain men—not that they are scientists, but that they are small scientists; men for whom a formula, or a compound, or a root, or a fact whatsoever, is the end. To know the most names of the most classifications is to be saved, to apply chemistry in the manufacture of salable beer is to make "swilling and election" sure. The devotion of these little men to science is not only at the expense of all that is highest, but is, as was intimated, largely responsible for the realism over which so many weep. Men of science, that is to say *men* of science, are not accountable for deadness of soul. The wonder with which those early Greeks looked out upon the face of all things may not for one instant be compared with the wonder that fills the soul to-day before this stupendous universe. Because we have learned that color is not in sunset or rose, is there therefore no color? Is the marvel anywise diminished by knowing that, upon matter so adjusted and so acting as the brain is adjusted and acts, all color depends? Because there is no sound in bell, or breeze, or ocean, is there therefore no sound? And wherein is the wonder of it diminished when we have learned the construction of the ear, its possible relation to a particular fold in the brain, and the necessity of this for all the harmonies that fill the soul with glory? Are we, the thinking, sorrowing, hoping selves, any the less real because *all* this thinking, all this sorrowing, and all this hoping depend in strictest sense upon that most highly organized form of matter the human brain?—*Professor W. R. Benedict, in Popular Science Monthly for June.*

Natural Selection and Civilization.

The system of accumulating wealth and hereditary succession alone would suffice to prevent the Darwinian law ever gaining a footing in civilized communities. Among animals, the survival of the fittest takes place quite naturally, because, as generations succeed each other, each one must create his own position according to his own strength and abilities; and in this way the purifying process, which Mr. Herbert Spencer so extols, is effected. A similar system was generally prevalent among barbarians; but, at the present day, traces of it may be seen only in instances of "self-made men;" it disappears in their children, who, even if they inherit their parents' talents and capacities, are brought up, as a rule, in so much ease and luxury that the germs of such talents are destroyed. Their lot in life is assured to them, so why need they exert themselves? Thus they fail to cultivate the qualities and tastes they may have inherited from their parents, and they and their descendants become in all points inferior to their ancestors who secured to them, by labor and industry, the privileged position they hold. Hence the proverb, *A pere econome fils prodigue* (To a thrifty father, a spendthrift son).

It follows, therefore, that those who wish to see the law of natural selection, by the transmission of hereditary aptitudes, established amongst us should begin by demanding the abolition of hereditary succession.

Among animals, the vitiation of the race through the multiplication of its inferior samples is prevented "by the fighting so universal in the pairing season." In the social order the accumulation and hereditary trasmission of wealth effectually impede the process perfecting the race. In Greece after the athletic sports, or in those fortunate and chimerical days of which the Troubadours sang, "the most beautiful was sometimes given a prize to the most valiant;" but, in our prosaic age, rank and fortune too often triumph over beauty, strength, and health. In the animal world, the destiny of each one is decided by its personal qualities. In society, a man attains a high position, or marries a beautiful woman, because he is of high birth, or wealthy, although he may be ugly, lazy, and extravagant.—*Emile de Laveleye, in Popular Science Monthly for June.*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The Eminent French Author as He Appears in His Luxurious Home.

M. Alexandre Dumas, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, is tall and thin. If he were not very careful people would say that he stooped. But in order to prevent any such adverse criticism M. Dumas draws himself up on every possible occasion, and looks fully six feet in height. He is pale and somewhat sallow, and this, with the bushy white hair that curls vigorously round his oval-shaped head, gives him an out-of-the-common look which a budding author would sell his soul to possess. He must be 65 if a day, and though he is what his countrymen call bien conserve, there are certain wrinkles on the forehead which time will not allow to be concealed. M. Dumas wore a glossy-black suit, irreproachably cut, and fitting like a glove. A conventional black necktie and the immaculate cuffs and collars so indispensable to the successful outfit of a French gentleman completed the external attire. The drawing-room in which I found him was a comfortably furnished, though not very luxurious, apartment. There were velvet chairs, a few pictures which seemed to be good, a couple of statues—none of your draped figures, please—and a grand piano, hermetically closed, and with no music near it. There is no denying the fact that it was a very comfortable room, and one in which to pass an agreeable hour. "I like to see people look surprised when they come in and see me lounging on a couch," said M. Dumas, still continuing to smile, and still looking intensely pleasant, "but the fact is," he went on, "I work in the country. Imagine me sitting down here to write a chapter, and in the most engrossing moment hearing Alphonse come in with his placid 'un monsieur qui veut vous parler.' The fact is, people won't let me work in Paris. They are incorrigible. and I know it. Perhaps they think that folks with gray hair ought to be satisfied to retire upon their laurels. Perhaps they do. Who knows?" M. Dumas stroked his white locks, and glanced in the direction of a mirror, in which, however, he could see nothing, as his gaze fell merely upon a large vase placed before it.

"I write just as easily now as I did twenty years ago," he said, "but it amuses me less. The game I play now has less intoxication in its successful results than it had a quarter of a century ago. Now I need no money. I need no reputation. In fact, I don't know what I do need, though I am convinced I do need it. One gets philosophical as he grows old. I knew that by hearsay when I was young. Now I know it by experience. There was no necessity for me to have written my last play, now being performed at the Gymnase—'Denise,' I mean—but I never can rest. I need never again have appeared before the French public, but I have not yet learned the art of retiring gracefully. I am glad I wrote 'Denise.' But I am not nearly as glad as I should have been thirty years ago. The profits of a successful piece to-day are enormous. It is wonderful to think of it. I have already made 22,000 francs by the book of 'Denise.' I had an agreement with the house of Calmann-Levy by which they were to give me 20 centimes for each copy of the book sold, and to guarantee in any case 12,000 francs. Well, as I said, I have already made 22,000 francs. From the book of 'La Dame Aux Camellias,' which I wrote when I was 20 years old, I only got 1,600 francs, though at least 300,000 copies were sold. The profits of the stage representation of 'Denise,' if all goes as successfully as it promises to do, will bring me in at least 300,000 francs. Ohnet made that sum of money by his 'Le Maitre des Forges,' known in your [illegible]. An American offered me 30,000 francs for the manuscript of 'Denise' if I promised that it should not be printed in France. I declined with thanks. I refused another offer made me by an American a short time ago. It was to go to America and lecture. I can't lecture, you know, but that made no difference. I was to cross the Atlantic and show myself as though I were some freak of nature, some wonderful physiological phenomenon. Merci, Monsieur, I think not." M. Alexandre Dumas grew indignant at the idea of such a trip, and, rising from his chair, paced slowly up and down the room before I could recall him to the subject of himself.

"I am not very fond of speaking about myself," said M. Dumas, "for the simple reason that I had a father—and such a father. So much greater than I could ever hope to be. Alexandre Dumas pere is immeasurably superior to Alexandre Dumas fils."

Mastheaded by a Fish.

"Here's an old acquaintance," said my friend, as we stood looking at the fish display of Commissioner Blackford, pointing out a parti-colored eel-like fish several feet long and of most villainous aspect. In form it resembled the typical sea-serpent that figures in the old works of Pontoppidan and others. The body was high, the mouth large, and in it appeared a most formidable array of teeth.

"That is the famous, or rather infamous, murray of the south," exclaimed my companion, giving the creature a spiteful dig. "it's as much of a sea-serpent as I ever want to see, and I must tell you a good joke on myself in which one of these brutes played a prominent part. Some years ago, when I began spending my winters in Florida, I devoted almost my entire time to fishing—sea fishing, you know—and almost the first fish that caught me was one of these murrays. This is a medium-sized one. They attain in the Bahamas and around Cuba a length of four or five feet, and, being proportionately stout, present a formidable appearance. One day I was fishing off the reef, in about five fathoms, and had been having fine luck with grunts and yellow-tails, when suddenly I had a bite that brought me to my feet. I hauled the fish, and the fish hauled me, and after ten minutes' hard work I had him at the surface, and, with a tremendous jerk, landed not a fish, but one of these murrays—a rouser. I was amazed as much as the murray.

"No sooner did it feel itself in the boat than it opened its cavernous mouth and made a rush for me. There were but two methods of escape open to me, one to jump overboard and the other to climb the small mast of my boat. I chose the latter, and as the murray reached the spot I just cleared it, and there I was in the attitude generally known as shinning. The murray made the circuit of the boat several times, dragging the line, thrashing the oars about, and darting its ugly head in my direction at every move I made. It was impossible, however, to hold such a position long, and I was about considering the possibilities of jumping into the water and swimming to the reef when the creature wriggled overboard. I then slid down and cut the line. When I got ashore my friends asked me what I was shinning the mast of the dingy for. They had been watching me through a spy-glass. I told them I had been clearing the halyards. If they had ever got hold of it that I had been there for ten minutes to get away from that green-hued eel, I should never heard the last of it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Bonanza Firm.

Close upon the heels of the announcement of the retirement of Senator Fair from the Nevada bank came the rumor to the effect that James C. Flood had also sold out his interest in the bank to John W. Mackey. Mr. Mackey left for Virginia, Nev., and Steamboat Springs, and could not, therefore, be seen to obtain the verification of contradiction of the report. Senator Fair declined to say anything on the subject.

George L. Brander, the vice president of the bank, on being spoken to on the subject, said that there was nothing new in the matter. Mr. Mackey had bought out the interests of both Mr. Flood and Mr. Fair last November.

Subsequently a *Chronicle* reporter saw a gentleman whose intimate association with both Mr. Mackey and Mr. Flood places him in a position to know the true inwardness of the affair. He said:

"It is true that Flood sold out to Mackey last November, but in the last few days Mr. Flood has again resumed his interest in the ownership of the bank. The fact of the matter is that in the summer of last year differences arose between Flood and Mackey on the one hand, and Fair on the other. Flood and Mackey both determined they would have no further business relations with Fair, and they went so far as to say that rather than continue in business with him, they owning two-thirds of the stock, would disincorporate the bank and wind up the business. They offered to either sell out to Fair or buy his interest. Senator Fair chose to buy out Flood and Mackey, but backed out when the transaction came to be closed. Fair then said he would accept the other proposition and sell out, but insisted as a condition that Flood should also retire and Mackey buy out the interest of both. Fair was under the impression that Mackey lost heavily in his Atlantic cable enterprise, and would not be able to accept these terms. Flood cabled immediately to Mackey, who had meanwhile gone to Europe, and Mackey jumped right in and took him at his word. That was last November. From that time until a few days ago Mackey was the sole owner of the bank, although Flood still retained his position as president. During all that time, however, the relations between Flood and Mackey remained perfectly harmonious, as they always have been, and a few days ago Flood bought back his interest. In fact, I don't believe that his stock was ever actually transferred. You will notice that the deeds of the bank building and other property from the bank to Flood and Mackey recorded the other day conveyed an undivided half interest to each. That fact shows that so far as they are concerned there is no division of interest. That conveyance was simply the result of their desire to place the bank upon a strict business basis as a banking corporation pure and simple. Some of the real property was bought in by them on foreclosure of their mortgages, and they did not consider that holding real estate was a necessary part of the banking business, so they conveyed it to themselves individually."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

About a year ago a traveler in Germany came across an officer employed in superintending some details of military railroad transport. He had been a captain during the Franco-German war, and had allowed his company to be surprised. After being imprisoned for eighteen months he was placed in the military transport service, and told that he was never to receive promotion. Being surprised by an enemy is regarded as the one unpardonable sin by the Germans.

The banks in the New York clearing house that pay 2½ per cent interest have decided to reduce the rate to 2 per cent, claiming that they cannot afford to pay more. The margins deposited by traders on the Produce Exchange are affected by this, and members are trying to combine and prevent the reduction from 2½ per cent.

A Commercial street man wears the champion belt for meanness just now. His clerk is an expert penman, and was practicing his art in shading the letters on the addressing of some envelopes, when the employer, happening to overlook him, said: "Mr. Daybook, I would not shade those letters; it wastes the ink awfully!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Sawing Out a Channel Above Island No. 10.

From an account in the June *Century* by Colonel J. W. Bissell, of the Engineer Corps, who had the work in charge, we quote the following: "The way through the submerged corn-field and the half-mile of road was easy enough, but when we reached the timber the labor of sawing out a channel commenced. The one steamer which had a powerful steam capstan was put in the lead, and the others having hand capstans were fastened single file in the rear, and then the six barges in like order, so that the progress of the first controlled all the others. Captain Tweddale took charge of the cutting in front, while Lieutenant Randolph was fitting up the improvised gun-boats astern. About three hundred men were assigned to each, and they worked in relays without the slightest intermission from daybreak until dark.

"First of all, men standing on platforms on small rafts cut off the trees about eight feet above the water. As soon as a tree was down, another set of men, provided with boats and lines, adjusted about it a line which ran through a snatch-block and back to the steam capstan, and hauled it out of the way; thus a partial cut was made forward, the lines always working more than two hundred feet ahead of the capstan, so as to have plenty of room for the saws. It took about four sets of lines to keep pace with twelve saws.

"When the space about the stumps allowed sufficient room; a raft about forty feet was lashed to a stump, and the saws set at work in a frame attached by a pivot and working in an arc as shown in the sketch—two men working the saws at opposite ends by a rope, and a fifth on the farther side of tree guiding its teeth into the tree. Where the stumps were to close, or irregular, three yawl-boats were used instead of the raft. No trouble was experienced with the stumps a foot or less in diameter. With the larger ones it was different; the elms spread out so much at the bottom that the saw almost always would run crooked and pinch. If it commenced running up, we notched the top and set the frame farther in; if down, we put in powerful tackle, and pulled the top of the stump over.

"Here was where the ingenuity of officers and men was exercised: as the saws were working four and a half feet beneath the surface, and the water was quite turbid, the question was how to ascertain what was interfering with the saw, and then to apply the remedy. But I found Captain Tweddale equal to the most obstinate stump. I think two and a half hours was the longest time ever expended upon any one, while about that number of minutes would dispose of some small ones when the saw was ready. In all it took eight days to cut the two miles."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Only a match box," remarked Fogg at the theater the other night, referring to the seats where the young lovers sat—*Boston Transcript.*

A Milwaukee editor committed suicide because he was in debt. It is such an unusual thing for an editor to be in debt that he could not stand it.—*Boston Post.*

It is predicted that the next House will in solemnity and dignity rival the Senate. The "funny" and hilarious members—Cox, Belford and Horr—will all be gone.

"Which one of Longfellow's poems does this act remind you of?" asked an impecunious poet as he pawned his gold lead-pencil. "Give it up," was the expected answer. "Why, 'The Hanging of the Crayon,' of course."—*N. Y. Journal.*

It is estimated that it costs 42 cents to stop a train; but the clumsy young man who stopped a train at a ball by stepping upon it says it cost him the lady who wore it and a number of sleepless nights. He will probably not admit it, but it was money in his pocket.—*Norristown Herald.*

A young woman in Southern Illinois has just died from having her ears pierced. The young man, however, who makes her sad fate his excuse for not giving his best girl a pair of handsome earrings on her birthday, will make a mistake more mistaken than any of the mistakes of Moses.—*Somerville Journal.*

Bismarck's salary as Chancellor is $18,500, and barely covers his expenses. The only extravagance Bismarck is reported to indulge is in the matter of drinking beer. It is said he consumes sixty schooners at one sitting, but beer is very cheap in Germany, and sometimes, of course, the other fellow treats.—*Norristown Herald.*

Maxfield Bean was in a manufacturing town last week, when a very fashionably dressed young passed along. He was told that it was a clerk in one of the cotton mills and quite a lady's man. In fact the girls had spoiled him. "That was my idea of him," said Maxfield Bean; "if not spoilt, I thought he was a little mill dude."

The game of whist, as everbody knows, is apt to subject a man of an irascible temper to a very severe strain, and the more of an adept at it he is the greater the trial to his patience. His partner may spoil his whole game by carelessness, or stupidity, and, worse than all, he may himself be guilty of lapses which so disturb his peace of mind that he is liable to boil over on the least provocation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Yes," said a father of several children, "I was proud and happy man when my first child was born. It was a boy, and I deposited $100 in the bank to his credit in honor of the event. That was fifteen years ago." "With the accumulating interest it will amount to quite a sum by the time he reaches manhood." "Yes, it would if I had left it there, but I had to draw it out when the second came."—*N. Y. Times.*

A negro brought suit in a Mitchell county Justice court for possession of two shoats and a sow and pigs, and gained it. His lawyer, as soon as the case was decided, settled the fees for himself, Squire A., the lawyer on the other side, and the court. "Well, Joe, Squire A. will take one of the shoats, I'll take the other one, the Judge will take the sow and pigs, and you've gained the case."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

The Peasant and the Dog.—A Peasant who was Awakened at midnight by the Barking of a Dog under his Window threw up the Sash and called out: "How, now—what is the danger?" "There is none." "Then why do you Bark and Disturb my Slumbers?" "For the same reason that you play the Fiddle and keep me Awake—for Self-Amusement." Moral: When the Piano next door becomes Unbearable buy your boy a Drum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Can you stand a conundrum, Mrs. Allsmiles?" asked a boarder of the landlady. "I can stand anything from a gentleman who pays his board promptly," she sweetly smiled. "Well, then, what is the difference between this alleged food and a certain bank President now in jail?" At that moment the landlady had important business in the kitchen, and the bold boarder edified his fellow-sufferers with: "One is an old fish ball while the other is a bald old Fish."

Wilson Candless, one of the most poverty-stricken young men of Galveston, applied to Col. Richley for the hand of his daughter. "In the first place I've sent in my application to President Cleveland for a position in one of the departments." "Have you any other resources?" asked the prospective father-in-law. "You bet I have. I'm seriously thinking about giving up smoking." "Pa!" exclaimed the young lady, "that's enough for us to begin with, ain't it?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Spilling of the *entente cordiale:* Hostetter McGinnis is thinking about taking a trip to El Paso for his health, but his mother-in-law has been telling him that there is danger of being scalped by Indians, and that he had better stay right here in Austin. "Nonsense," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "there used to be Indians on the El Paso road, but they have all been driven off. I don't believe there is an Indian in the whole country." "Well, well," replied the wife's mother, "when you get out on the plains, and one of those wild beasts comes at you whooping and yelling, then you'll think of me." "I don't doubt it; anything of that kind is calculated to make me think of you," replied Hostetter McGinnis, and now the *entente cordiale* has been spilled, and there is a coolness between them.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Kentucky girl was too much for a Tennessee dude. A Louisville damsel was visiting Memphis, and was sitting upon a sofa with a fresh young society man, who, as the conversation progressed, allowed his arm to gradually fall down until he had it around her waist. She arose very indignant and he made the following apology: "I hope you will not think anything of this. It is just a way I have. All the Memphis boys act the same way, and you will have to get used to it. I hope you will not take any offense at it as it's just my way." She left the room, but came back in a few minutes with a married friend, and sat down on the sofa again. Soon she began to yawn and give every indication of being thoroughly bored. Finally she said: "I'm dreadfully sleepy, and I hope you'll go home. You mustn't take any offense at this. All the Louisville girls act the same way. You are exceedingly tiresome, and you had better go home at once. Don't be offended at this. It is simply a way I have." He didn't linger.

While they were yet husband and wife Damala and Sarah Bernhardt were breakfasting one morning when Jean Richepin was announced. "Francois," said Sarah to a servant, "put a plate for M. Richepin. He will breakfast with us." "No he won't! I won't have him!" cried Damala, who knew Richepin to be his rival in Sarah's alleged affections. "Yes, he will, too!" retorted the actress. "Sacre!" roared Damala; "I would like to know who is master here?" "Eh? Master?" said the servant; "why Madame is the master!" Then Damala went to his own room in a towering rage, and Sarah and Richepin—well, mutually consoled each other for his loss. An hour later Sarah went to Damala's room and found him pretty sulky. "Come, don't be disagreeable," said she; "let us go driving in the Bois." "No! I won't go driving with a woman of disreputable character," he growled. "Ah, ciel!"; "how absurd men are, to be sure. In Greece you drive everywhere with disreputable women, but you won't marry them; and here in Paris it is just the other way!"

A Dog Who Ate With the King.

Jacob is dead! All old guardsmen will hear it with grief. He was crushed to death yesterday in front of the king's palace in Amalienborg square under the heavy wheels of a truck which with official zeal he was trying to turn from the forbidden gate. It is five years since Jacob was officially enrolled in the guard. Up to that time he had been a volunteer, putting in his whole time with the men, inspecting the sentries, and warning too inquisitive strangers away, but when the dog-catchers caught him and took him to the pound the regiment clubbed together and bought him a license, and ever since a regular tax of a few cents per man has been levied yearly for Jacob's benefit. He was jealous of his prestage, and usually allowed no other dogs in the square. The routine of his life was that of his regiment, with the exception that he breakfasted regularly with the king, who rarely forgot to bring him a bone from his morning meal. If the king did forget it or was late, Jacob let him know that it was breakfast-time by barking under the palace window until he was heard and fed. The rest of the day he browsed about the guard-house, where the soldiers shared their lunch with him. Unlike most other dogs, he was a democrat by instinct, and preferred the company of the privates to that of the officers, whose quarters he condescended to visit only at long intervals and after much coaxing. From a profane civilian's hand he would accept nothing. It was the uniform that was the one all-absorbing love of his life. His best friends among the guardsmen he treated coldly in civilian's dress, and the day after the men had been told off on home leave he would take no notice of them in the street. But he looked upon a new recruit with friendly approval. In the summer, when the men had daily swimming exercises, he would go along and stay by their uniforms, permitting no ununiformed stranger to approach. Into the water he was never known to venture.

Henceforth Jacob will live in the guards as a tradition. He died in the guard-house half an hour after he had been crushed under the wheels, surrounded by his sympathizing comrades. This morning he was borne to the barracks, and at the palisades in the parade ground, adjoining the king's garden, he will be buried with military honors.—*Copenhagen Nationaltidende.*

It is no more truism to assert that Queen Victoria is the best born lady in her own dominions, both as the immediate descendant of Kings and as nearer in blood than any of her subjects to the old reigning dynasties of Stuart, Tudor, and Plantagenet. The Dukes of Buckingham and Sutherland, who in this respect stand as near as any to the throne, descend from Henry VII.; while her Majesty issues from James I. Henry VIII. has no descendants in England, nor has Richard Cœur de Lion, nor Edward the Black Prince, nor Henry V., nor William of Orange.

Politeness Thrown Away.

I met with a discouragement yesterday in my career of politeness, writes Clara Belle. Particularly amiable I felt, as I sauntered out from my ancestral halls, for this was the first wearing of a brand-new walking costume, which fitted me so perfectly that the pressure on no one square inch was perfectly harder than on any other square inch. My bonnet, too, was ingeniously and successfully calculated to render my head a harmonious thing of beauty. So, as I ambled to an elevated railroad station, and, as usual to the New York girl who makes any pretense to stylish manners, kept a line of masculine ticket-buyers impatiently waiting while I slowly searched for the pocket of my unaccustomed dress, extracted my wallet, looked between memoranda slips and samples until I found a particular dime, dropped the coin on the floor, couldn't pick it up with my gloved fingers, had it handed to me by a dude, and finally passed through to a train—during this process, I say, annoying as it may have been to my fellow-passengers, I felt quite blissful and blithesome.

That was my frame of mind when I entered the car. The vehicle was crowded. I espied one empty seat near a window, the occupied half holding a big, soldier-like man. In squeezing past him, I stepped squarely, full weight and considerable impetus added, right onto one of his feet. There isn't anything else on earth that makes me sympathize so truly and deeply with a human being as to jump on his or her corns. This individual's pedal was extended in my way to be sure, and maybe I wasn't to blame for trampling on it; but, nevertheless, I felt the profoundest regret, and I gazed solicitously into his face to see and deplore the expression of agony that I expected would transform his countenance from placidity into something fiendish.

"I beg your pardon," I said, as I sank into the seat by his side.

He manifested no attention whatever. Was he going to treat my apology with silent scorn? I wouldn't have it so.

"I am sorry, sir, I hurt you," I remarked.

"Eh, miss?" he responded.

"I beg your pardon."

"For what?"

"I stepped on your foot, you know."

"But I didn't know, miss. I have a cork leg."

He didn't dare to smile, for he could see plainly enough that I would have run his levity through and through with my parasol. But some of the witnesses were out of my reach and they ventured to snicker.

Prof. Mommsen, the historian of Rome, is quoted as the most absent-minded man on record. He remained seated in the presence of the pope at the Vatican, the other day. But in extenuation it is said that he often fails to recognize his own children. In the last particular, however, he may possibly have plenty of company.

"Ah, Miss Paul," said a lank to a sarcastic girl to whom he had just been presented. "I believe you know my fwiend Fitzclaiwence." "Oh, yes, I met him at Saratoga last summer." "Ah, Miss Paul, Fitz is a chawming fellow, don't you know? Weally, now, Miss Paul, don't you think he is a moah delightful fellow than these Cincinnahtee men?" "Oh, he's very nice," she answered, "but I think he told me a story." "No! Why, Fitz is the verwy son of twooth, Miss Paul. What could he have said?" "He said you were not nearly as big a fool as you looked."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

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has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. Phillips."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the Sarsaparilla in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully,

Hiram Phillips."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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